MARCH 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

WAYNE GARDNER
MOTORCYCLE MEGASTAR

HOW WOMEN COPE WITH PORN MOVIES

COLOR OF MONEY'S TOP GUN TOM CRUISE

MAX HEADROOM
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Such a car is destined to become a classic...such a car is the Honda Integra SX16. A car designed and engineered around the serious driver.

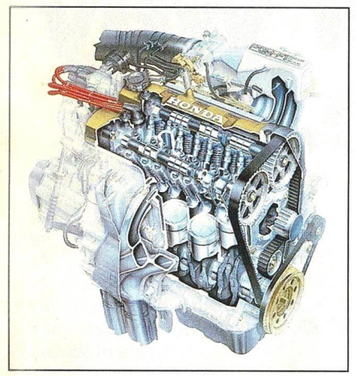
Born on the F1 Circuits.
As the only Japanese company to enter, and win, in the hi-tech world of Formula One, Honda took what they'd learned and designed a performance sports car. The specifications speak for themselves. 1.6 litre, four valves per cylinder. Programmed Fuel Injection (PGM-FI). Double overhead cams. All of which develops a very responsive 90 kW @ 6,500 rpm.

Transmission is a choice of a crisp, short throw 5-speed manual or a silky smooth, 4-speed automatic with lock-up torque converter.

Then there's power assisted rack and pinion steering. Anti-roll bars front and rear. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes. A drag co-efficient of only 0.34. All running on high performance 195/60-14 low profile Michelin tyres.

Don't be misled by the sleek appearance.
The Honda Integra will carry four adults in comfort. And while ignoring the gimmicks and add-ons of over-competitive manufacturers, Honda have built in the sensible features that the enthusiast driver needs.

There's an analog instrument layout designed for the business end of motoring. There's a



Pioneer sound system – AM/FM stereo cassette. And luxury trim levels.

The total package is a sports car developed for people who know how to drive. Yet a sports car priced surprisingly low.

How safe is a car manufactured by a company that races Formula One?
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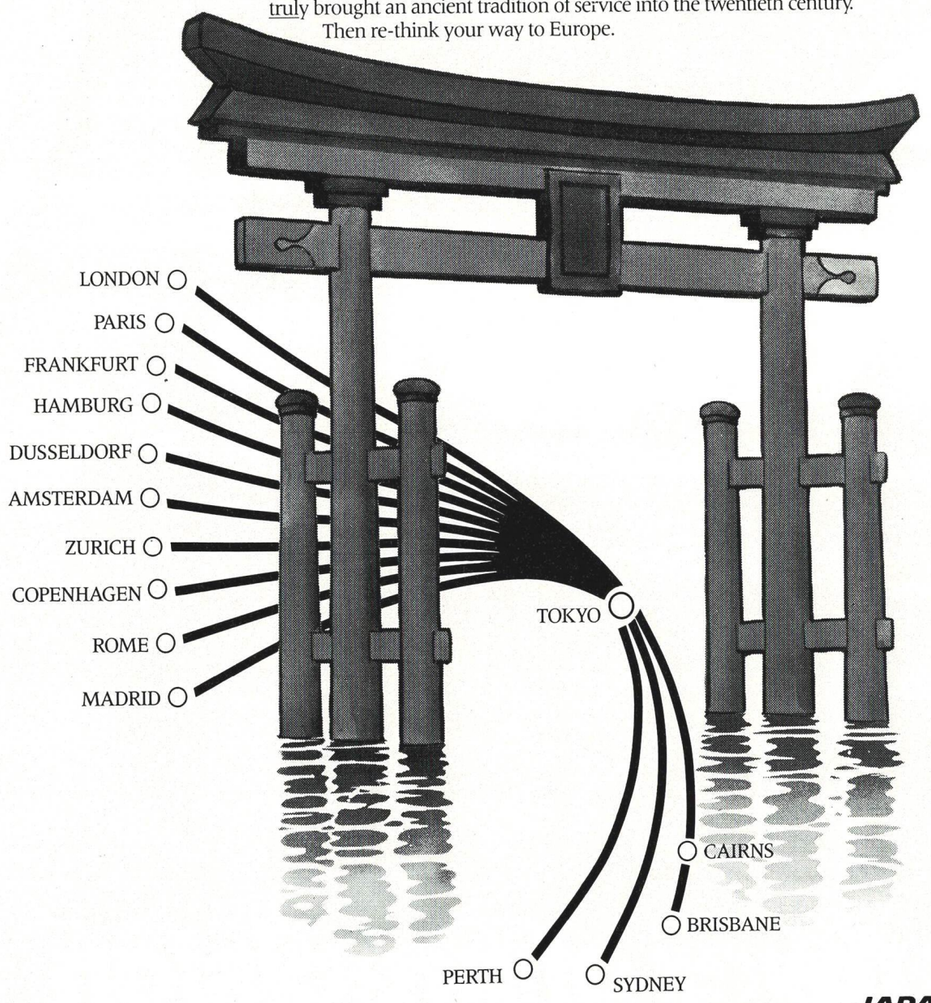

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PLAYBILL

If you've ever toyed with the idea of asking one of our wondrous Playmates what she thinks is good foreplay, how she's most turned on or if she's ever had sex in a public place, then our new Dear Girls Of Playboy page is really going to take your fancy. Readers are invited to write in with their most intimate queries for our centrefold and pictorial stars to answer. In this month's feature, Felicity Collins, Grace Parr and a selection of other sensational ladies reveal what they consider to be the best prelude to sex.

And while we're talking of warming up, the Playboy Interview for March is a big-revs encounter with Australia's motorcycle megastar Wayne Gardner. Senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** tracked down the Wollongong-born speedster for an in-depth interview session covering such topics as international fame, and his chances of being the first Aussie ever to take out the world championship of motorcycle racing.

Wheeling right along, be sure to read motoring editor **Rob Luck**'s hilarious *Used Carmanship*. Luck looks at the blokes of Gasoline Alley (you know, those swift-talking sharks who'd sell their grandmother if they could wind back her clock) and tells you how to beat them at their own game. **Scott Kennedy** did the art.

Casinos are sprouting like veritable mushrooms all over Australia so don't be kept in the dark about how to win at the tables. In *The Casinos Are Coming*, **Tony Maguire** profiles a professional blackjack master who's willing to teach you how to play your cards right. . . for a price, of course.

Tom Cruise is undeniably one of Hollywood's hottest new properties. With high-fliers such as *Risky Business, Top Gun, All The Right Moves* and the hugely successful *The Color Of Money* with Paul Newman to his credit, Cruise has been hailed as Hollywood's newest male sex symbol. (Move over, Mel Gibson.) In a probing 20 Questions, **David Rensin** confronts Cruise on subjects such as fame, fortune and, yes, women.

Well, we've got a few hot properties of our own this month. Lucky old **Leslie Turtle** has been working with delectable Irene Sullivan to produce a sensational pictorial titled, of course, *Goodnight, Irene*! Our bewitching Miss March is Julie Peterson, photographed by **Pompeo Posar**, and **Michael Ancher** has been using rolls of film capturing the unique beauty of Rikke Norton. And, if you think the subject of **Phillip Dixon**'s pictorial, Bitten Knudsen, looks familiar, it's not surprising. She's the girl with the bedroom eyes and sexy pout who spent three years as the sumptuous model in the More cigarette ads.

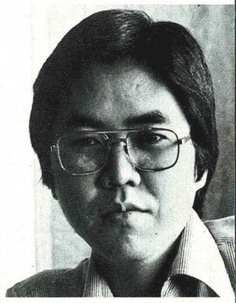
You're all familiar with Max Headroom but have you interfaced with Maxine Legroom? She's the girl with the glorious software who has her eyes on Max's floppy disc. We know you'll love **Richard Izui**'s inventive photography of this computer cutie.

Hey, can't a girl go out for popcorn at the movies without people taking advantage of her? To find out, dip into **Robert Coover**'s masterly short story, *Intermission*. It's a high-speed romp that'll have you laughing out loud. **Arnold Roth** did the artwork.

Emanuel Greenberg tells us what's perking in his *Coffee: Not The Same Old Grind*, and our *Are You Her Master Or Her Slave?* quiz will help establish just who's *really* wearing the frilly apron in your relationship. In the Sport column, **Noel Mengel** looks at the state of Australian cricket and concludes that the effects of the rebel tour to South Africa are still being sorely felt. And on the Women page, **Susan Kurosawa** presents The Case Of The Smiling Scruffs (clue: it's a well-dressed dame called Cordelia who has all the answers). Not that there's anything scruffy about this month's issue of Australian PLAYBOY. Our women are most definitely the best undressed in town.

ROTH

KENNEDY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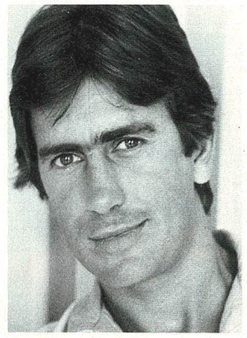
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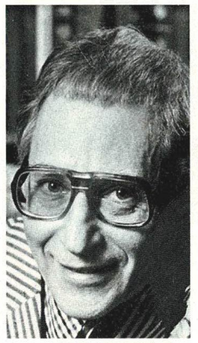
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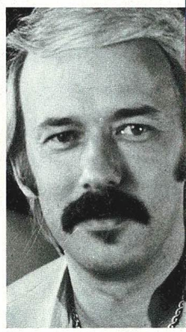
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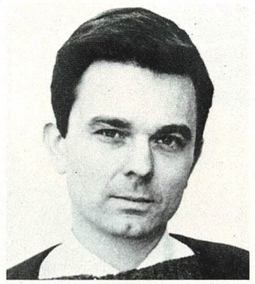
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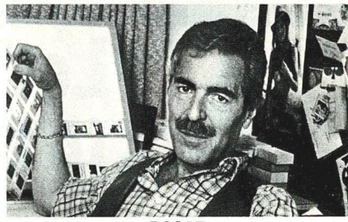
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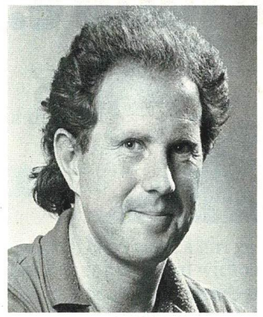
MENGEL

RENSIN

"Let's go back to the future."

"What a Sterling idea."

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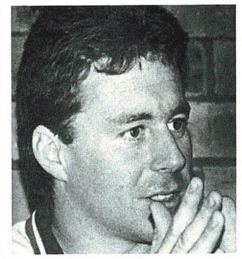
A high-speed encounter with motorcycle megastar Wayne Gardner.

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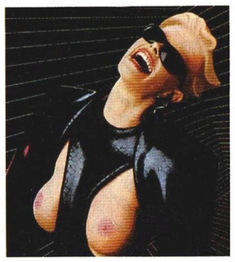
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Take our quiz and find out who's really wearing the frilly apron.

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But not twice shy. Meet Bitten Knudsen, the More cigarette model who's on her way to the top.

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SEX
All the gossip and good oil from the wide world of sex.

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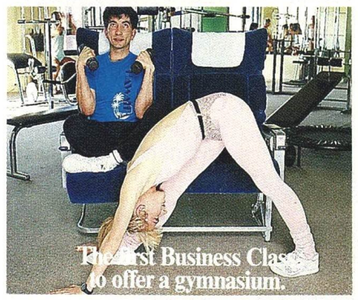

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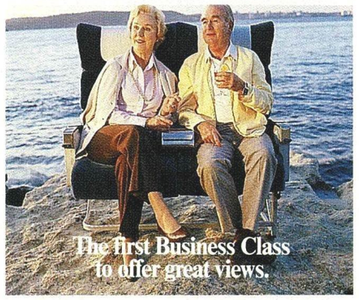

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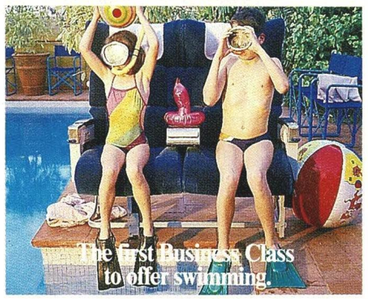

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SAMANTHA VS SHANNON

Samantha Fox has stolen many hearts since she started modelling and singing and up until now I hadn't seen any lady who even came close to Samantha's great looks.

Then I saw your November issue and realised Shannon Long is just as (if not more) attractive than Samantha. Shannon, you're Australia's answer to Samantha Fox!

N.R. Weber,
Sandgate, Qld.

SWEET ART

I'm a big fan of Donna Cross's artwork and I especially liked her illustration of your *The Japanese Unmasked* article in January. The artwork in Australian PLAYBOY is of an incredibly high standard and many of the illustrations over the years have been so eye-catching that I've cut them out and kept them on my noticeboard.

I'm sure most of your other readers tear out and keep the centrefolds and pictorials! No, I'm not kinky, but I do appreciate fine artistic talent so keep those great pieces of art coming.

T.W.,
Launceston, Tas.

PUNK POPGUN

James R. Petersen, in his section on *The All-Time Best Guys' Movies* in October Australian PLAYBOY, is lucky that Harry Callahan is too busy being mayor on the other side of the world. Otherwise he might have made a special trip to remind Petersen that he uses a Smith and Wesson 44 Magnum, *the* most powerful handgun in the world, and it would blow his head *clean* off. . . 357s are for punks.

John Hardcastle,
Kew, Vic.

SEXY LADIES

I like the fact you've been interviewing some sexy ladies recently rather than sticking to men. Kathleen Turner, Kim Basinger and Sigourney Weaver have all made great interviews. And, just have to tell you that the cover photo of Shannon Long alone made the November issue worth buying.

Michael Hicks,
Carina, Qld.

GOOD SPORT

I'd always thought John Brown was a bit of a slick show pony until I read Steve Bunk's interview with him in January. He comes across as being sincere and concerned and I wholeheartedly agree with his comments about giving our kids opportunities to be involved in a wide range of sport. It's the one area that seems to unite all Australians and engender a real feeling of national pride.

N.H.,
Deakin, ACT.

DEAR COLLETTE

Collette Saunders must be one of the horniest numbers you've had in Australian PLAYBOY. She certainly made my January a month to remember.

James P.,
Geelong, Vic.

If Collette Saunders in your January issue is an indication of what you've got in store for us during 1987, I can hardly wait for the months to fly by!

S.L.,
Holland Park, Qld.

Only one complaint about Collette Saunders. Why wasn't she Miss January? You'd better make up for this alarming oversight by running another pic of her on the Dear Playboy page.

E.F.,
Perth, WA.

We thought Collette was a pretty wonderful way to start the year, too. Here she is again — Ed.

NO STRAIN, NO PAIN

I was very relieved to read Mike Agostini's *No Sweat* article in the January edition of Australian PLAYBOY. I am in reasonable shape, mostly through luck and not effort, and I'm sick to death of hearing my mates boasting about their workouts at the gym and how many kays they run each day.

It was about time someone wrote a sensible article on the pros and cons of exercise. Thanks, Aussie PLAYBOY.

F.R.,
Neutral Bay, NSW.

PLAYMATE VOTE

I've just sent in my vote for Playmate Of The Year and wanted to let you guys know I think it's a great idea to give us poor old readers a chance to win a date. The only trouble is that what I'd really like to do with Miss August, Michaela Probst, is hardly suitable for publication.

W. McF.,
Sale, Vic.

I really enjoyed the *1986 Playmate Review* feature in January. I'd forgotten how stunning some of last year's centrefolds were. Although my wife wouldn't be too hot on the idea of me winning a date with Miss May, Linda Dubbeldeman, I'd like Linda to know she gets my vote.

Steven J.,
Potts Point, NSW.

RIGHT ON, CYNTHIA!

Sometimes Cynthia Heimel manages to hit the nail squarely on the head. I'm referring to her side-splitting Women column on movie heroines in the January edition. Only she would have the nerve to say just exactly what she'd have done to that poor blind man in *Places In The Heart* instead of just sitting there naked as Sally Field did. However I think she was a little hard on Sigourney Weaver. Surely the real point about her roles in *Alien* and *Aliens* was that she was that unique breed in movies, a genuine female hero as opposed to a heroine. She survived in each case because she was the toughest and most resourceful person. Anyway, having just seen her doubling as research scientist and call girl in *Half Moon Street*, I think there's no way anyone could say she has no personality.

Still, Cynthia made her point. Along with Susan Kurosawa's helpfully hilarious *Anatomy Of A Seduction*, January was a good month for women writers.

Playboy Fan,
Turner, ACT.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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Alfa Romeo

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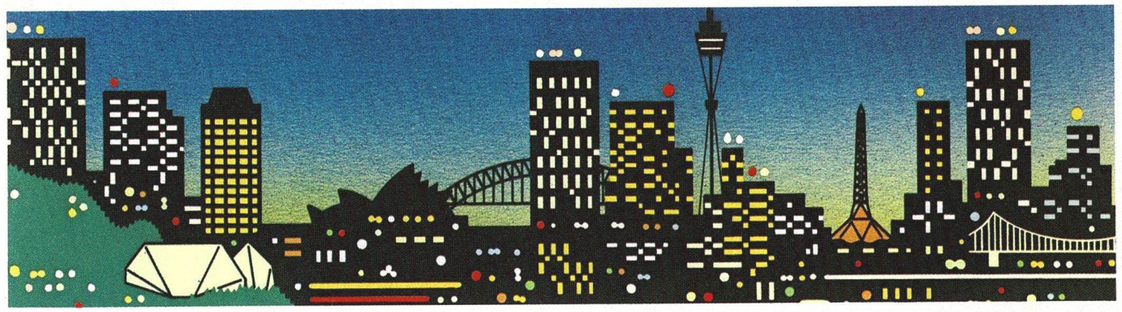
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BIG TIT DILDO BONDAGE

The US government's Meese Report on pornography has had some harsh things to say about contemporary American morals, in keeping with the Reagan administration's conservative attitudes and its Canute-like desire to turn back the tide of sexual freedom.

However, one of our correspondents has found an unexpected use for this worthy volume as a reference book for anyone interested in collecting contemporary American erotica. Apparently it features 108 pages of magazine, paperback-book and movie titles for the discerning consumer. If you've ever been baffled by the mountain of material at your corner porno store, the Meese Report offers a terrific digest of what's available and what to watch for.

What we're looking forward to now is *Big Tit Dildo Bondage.*

FLASHER FASHION

Times are getting hard for the average bloke intent on exposing himself, if you don't mind us saying so. One of our better known deviants, the Traralgon Flasher, must have got the shock of his life after displaying his wares to a lady in a public telephone box. She dropped the phone and gave chase.

Police were a trifle concerned about what she may have had in mind and were probably somewhat relieved that she lost him at the end of the street in the Latrobe Valley town.

Previous witnesses to his unseemly behavior nevertheless expressed a certain guarded appreciation of the radical fashion sense manifested in the hessian sugar bag which he wears over his head.

FURTHER BLOW TO POLICE RECRUITMENT

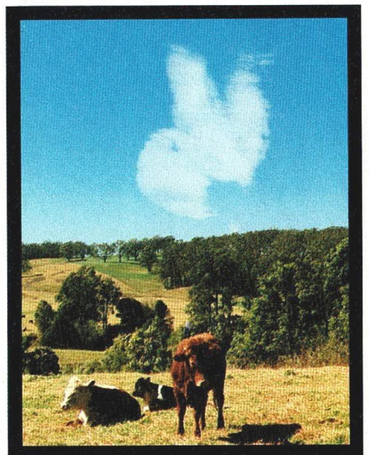
British police are reeling under the weight of new revelations from yet another retired walloper. An ex-sergeant, who claims he was on the East Anglian force for some 25 years, has said that during his lengthy service his motto was always *Firm But Fair*. Regrettably this excellent maxim didn't meet with the response he would have hoped.

"That sort of decency doesn't get you anywhere nowadays," he said. "The very day I retired a mystery joker placed an advertisement, which included my unlisted telephone number, in the local newspaper, saying I had a pair of second-hand brown bootlaces for sale at 30 pence. You would be surprised how many people rang up. Over 300. The worst was from a youth who said he was one-legged and could he have half the pair for 15p."

SIGNIFICANT DATA

We are reliably informed that the average number of sperm per ejaculation for a horse is 8,000,000,000, while a human can only manage 500,000,000 and a hamster, whom God preserve, is able to produce a minuscule 3450. But what we really want to know is who the hell does all the counting? With eight billion you'd be there for ever.

Then again, as for pregnancy, the elephant's confinement lasts 640 days, the human 267 and the rabbit 31. To tell the truth we're still worried about that poor bloody hamster.



STRANGE APPARITION ON A CLOUDLESS DAY
Sighted by Peter Neely in the eastern sky near Berry, NSW, an unidentified flying bunny. We wonder if any meteorologist can explain our clever advertising gimmick.

LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW

According to a news report, an agent of the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission observed a dancer "go to the side of the stage, thrust her hips forward and rub her privates in the face of a 43-year-old man, who then grabbed her buttocks".

She was acquitted of lewd conduct on a technicality because the state law specified that the defendant must have touched another person's genitals, not his or her face. A female assistant district attorney said that future complaints would be worded differently, in which case, the judge said, a dancer could be convicted of "aiding and abetting" the customer to engage in sexual contact by "*allowing* herself" to be touched.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN DISASTER STRIKES?

A train derails, spilling toxic material all over your town. What will *you* do? North Riverside, Illinois, announced a disaster drill and fixed up a devastation zone in a local shopping mall carpark littered with pre-assembled debris that was torched, along with a car, by the fire department. Forty honest citizens acted the parts of victims. Unfortunately the drill had to be called off after an hour and 45 minutes on account of rain. The police chief explained he couldn't expect the victims to be exposed to the elements any longer.

So when disaster strikes, we'll pray for rain.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

One film showing in art houses round Australia at the moment has been touted as follows:

"Sex is possibly just a contemporary appearance. Tenderness is a thing of the past. The film shows the world of sado-masochistic indications, the rhythms of suffering, the desires of torment. On the other side of the gospel of sentimentality is the bloody seriousness of pornographic pictures of unlived lives. Blood is there to show the cruelty which is our lives themselves. The cruel lady is life itself, if also that part of it which cannot be portrayed."

We won't spoil your fun by telling you what it is, but it sure as hell ain't *The Wizard Of Oz.*

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BOOZE

Stock yourself a good, basic bar and avoid those hectic, last-minute dashes to the bottle shop.

How often, after being invited on the spur of the moment to "come round to my place for a few drinks before choofing off", do you find yourself standing with your host in the nearest bottle shop, loading up with beer, spirits and mixers and then staggering through his front door like some sort of demented liquor removalist? If you have my luck in hosts, just about every time.

It is called the "oh shit I forgot, there's no booze in the house but it won't take half a mo to whip around. . ." syndrome. And it is bloody boring to say the least. It also invariably involves you as a *guest* more or less paying for filling up the bastard's house with grog for the coming week simply because it is embarrassing standing around in a bottle shop without saying, "Here, I'll throw a few dollars in," or "I'll buy the beer/gin/port," or whatever.

Either way it would have been a damn sight cheaper and more relaxing to stay in the pub. Besides which, if the oaf is married, he's probably forgotten to pick up the ratchet for the washing machine as ordered and you can't even get into the kitchen to get some ice for the bloody whisky that you bought because there is a stinking domestic going on in there and you don't want to know about it.

The answer to this chaotic impromptu domestic scenario for the spur-of-the-moment host is to set up a proper basic bar and keep it stocked — which requires a modicum of self-control. A word on style here: while the Anglo-Saxons (the Poms, that is) make a habit of hiding the grog, it is very French to have it on permanent display on a table or trolley or sideboard. (But not, unless you are either being extremely high camp or are known as a collector of kitsch, in one of those '50s light-up cocktail cabinets or on top of an imitation leather-padded bar obtainable from most wimp discount stores to this very day.)

By displaying the grog (and we're talking about spirits here), it is also easy to remember what is about to be out of stock and keep the bar topped up.

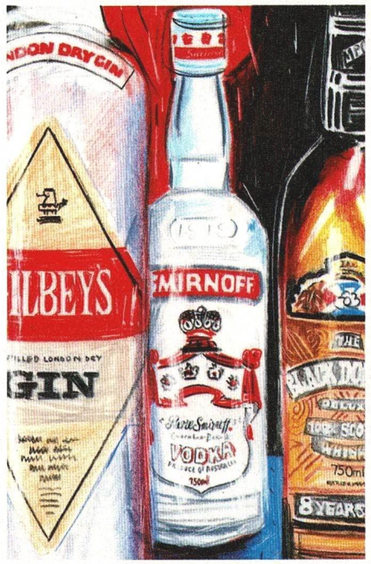
So-called bar tools are not essential, but do get yourself one of those all-purpose bottle openers and corkscrew affairs known universally as a "waiter's aid". They keep on working for years and are both cheap and efficient.

As to the contents of the bar, sit down for a moment and think about your *normal* circle of friends (if you can bear to). Cross off those who always demand some drink of *fashion* and cater for the saner people.

A standard bar normally calls for one bottle each of gin, vodka, Scotch whisky, white rum and a local brandy of reasonable quality. Buy quality named brands. That's a point I have previously stressed in this column and it really does apply to spirits. Money does purchase quality. Don't, on the other hand, disregard discount sales — it costs enough as it is.

The second division in a well-stocked basic bar runs to American bourbon whiskey, Canadian rye, perhaps an Irish whiskey, tequila and an overproof Australian dark rum (Bundaberg or Red Mill for my money). If you are feeling quite rich, buy a proper French cognac of the second rank (around $25 to $30), but keep it hidden from mug guests who think it might be nice with ginger ale.

Out of sight and at the bottom of a wardrobe put away a couple of cases of beer. In other words the entertainment stock of grog should be kept apart from your everyday drinking. A friend of mine manages this separation very successfully by keeping what he calls "company" booze on a sideboard in a dining room that he rarely uses and using a kitchen shelf for everyday supplies. It is not a bad idea.



As I am an everyday drinker of wine of no great pedigree, there is invariably a cask or flagon of the material at hand in the fridge. But if you are not a daily wine imbiber it is best to keep around half a dozen whites on hand for those who prefer it. Now that date-stamping has been around for some time it is also fine to put a cask of white in the bottom of the wardrobe with the beer.

On this note, if 4 to 5 litres of the stuff does seem to be too tedious when you are only going to call on it once in a blue moon, the firm of Yalumba is leading the way with smaller cask packs of two litres. Not only is it manageable for one entertainment session (at around six standard wine glasses per litre, this, after all, is only a total of 12 glasses per pack — perhaps 14 if you push it), but the Yalumba cask contents are very far removed indeed from the discounted products of some of that company's rivals. And they are excellent value; at time of writing, they retail around $7 and are sometimes discounted to $6 or thereabouts.

As for fortified wines, a good tawny port can be put beside the bottle of cognac for *that* time of night and you can line up a couple of bottles (one each) of sweet and dry vermouth for either mixing or for imbibing on the rocks or as a long drink with soda.

But leave sherry out. Unlike tawny port and some of the better liqueur muscats from the Barossa Valley of South Australia and the Rutherglen region of Victoria, sherry has always been a sort of derro's drink in this country. This, I know, is unfair on the style of fortified wines that we call sherry (they are quite unlike the true Spanish product). But despite the fact that the wine industry as a whole gets its knickers in a knot if you mention this, sherry is still associated with mum being pissed as a newt at the kitchen table or good old uncle Dave lying flat on his back at the edge of the water at Riverside Park.

Cream sherry, like so-called invalid port, when sold in flagons is regarded as a drink of desperation. If you offer anyone a sherry in this country you're likely to get punched. After all, when were you last offered a sherry in circumstances that you care to remember?

Port only managed to shed itself of this appalling image because it once again became an acceptable after-dinner tipple. But people who indulge in after-dinner sherries are usually on familiar terms with any number of magistrates throughout the land.

In the end, the best overall advice for setting up a bar is to keep the range as small as possible. Unless all your friends have furious and fierce brand loyalties to Scotch whisky and are even sillier about rare single malts, stick to one good blend. If you don't, you're going to find your trolley or table or sideboard or whatever littered with expensive three-quarter-filled bottles, which is just idiotic. This advice goes not only for spirits but wines and beer as well.

You're running a small, compact table-top liquor outlet for friends — not trying to win a contest for all the world's silly labels.

— RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA CROSS

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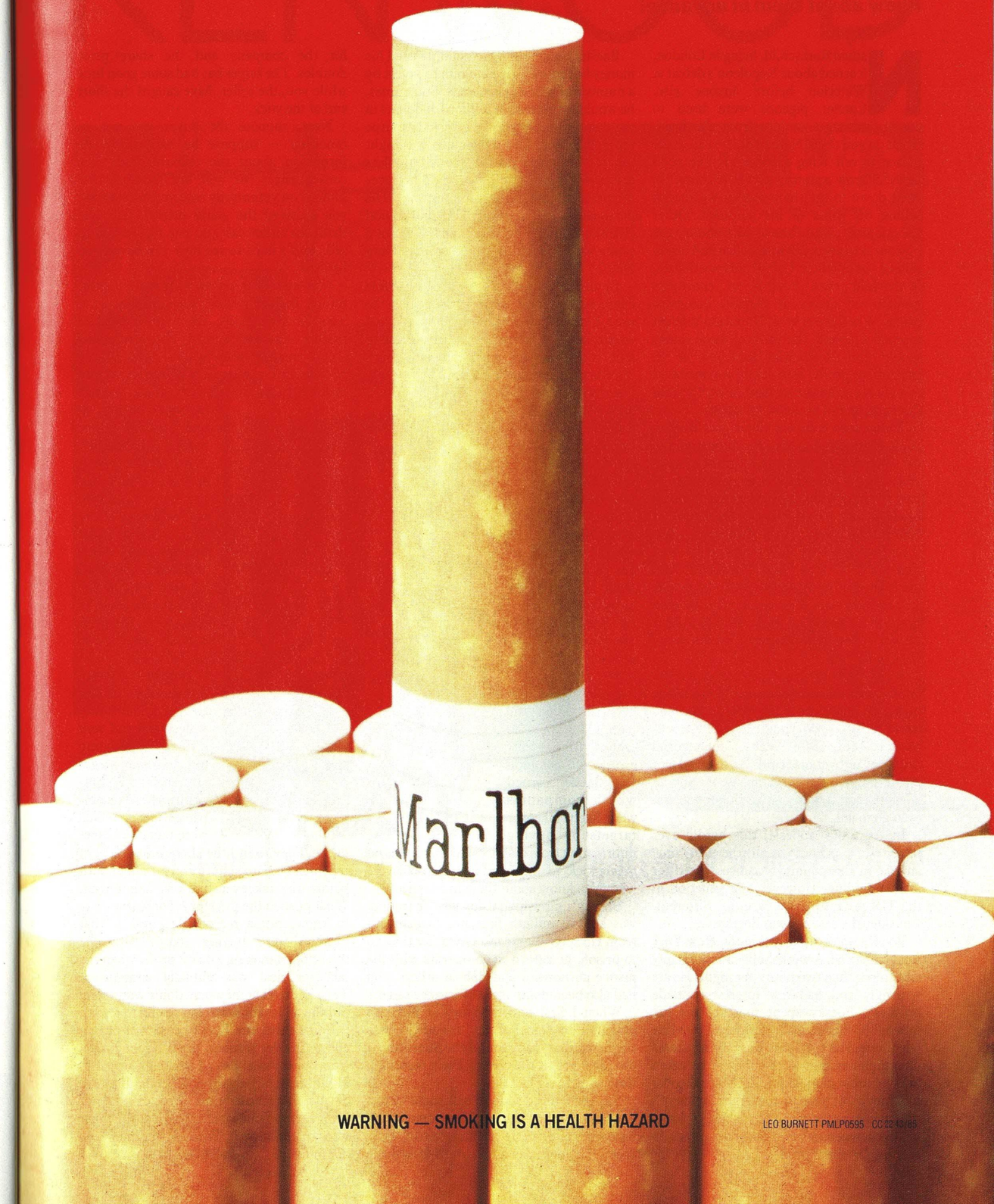

WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

LEO BURNETT PMLP0595 CC 22/5/85

MONEY

It's no great trick to make money on takeovers when you know about them in advance!

Nathan Rothschild, living in London, learned about Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo before anyone else. Carrier pigeons were used to convey messages to him from the front. What do you think Nathan did — run to the palace to tell King George III the good news? Throw a victory party? No way. He went down to the share market and began selling off some of his holdings. Other speculators, who knew all about the pigeons, assumed a British defeat and began selling in panic. Using intermediaries, Rothschild then bought an enormous number of shares at bargain basement prices. When the news of Napoleon's defeat reached England, the value of those shares soared and Rothschild sold out at an impressive profit. Rothschild's manoeuvre is a classic example of how to profit from information not available to others.

Today, inside information is less likely to come from pigeons than from members of the financial community. Say, for example, you are a stockbroker with a major firm and you get a call from one of the large pension funds asking you to buy 200,000 shares off BHP: a big enough block of shares to push the price up — at least temporarily. You ring a friend who plays the market and mention that BHP looks good for a rise. Your friend buys BHP options and makes a quick 40 percent in a week. That is what is known as *insider trading* and it goes on all the time.

It isn't difficult to make money when you know more than anyone else. There is one problem, however. If the information you have derives from your friend the stockbroker, corporate leaks, managerial decisions not yet made public, or any other inside source, it is illegal to use it. Should you get caught, you can be fined; you can even go to jail.

In Australia, at least, this hardly ever happens. I cannot recall the last time anyone in this country was prosecuted for insider trading. However, the situation in the UK and America is quite different. Consider the case of Ivan Boesky.

Boesky was a high flyer in the New York financial scene. A workaholic, Boesky rarely slept more than two hours per night. He ate sparingly and had few interests outside business. Boesky spent most of his life talking on his custom-designed, 300-line telephone. His speciality was buying shares in companies that were about to be taken over by other companies. Because takeover bids inevitably push up the target company's share price, anyone who buys shares prior to the announcement of a takeover stands to reap a substantial profit.

Boesky bought big. He not only used his money but money given to him to invest by a number of well-to-do clients. Sometimes, he would invest tens of millions of dollars in the shares of a company he believed was ripe for a takeover. His judgement was right much more often than it was wrong. The result of Boesky's ability to pick takeover targets was an enormous fortune. His personal wealth of about $US200 million ($A300 million) included an 81-hectare estate with a house modelled on the White House.

By all accounts, Boesky was not a likeable character. Among other peculiarities, he used hidden video cameras to spy on his employees. But he was uncannily successful and, therefore, respected. No one could "predict" company takeovers like Boesky. He even wrote a book about his craft, *Merger Mania*. It is full of high-sounding, idealistic phrases about the American capitalist system and the well-being of humanity. In the book, Boesky assures readers that, "There are no easy ways to make money in the securities market. . . there are no esoteric tricks that enable people like me to outwit the system."

As it turned out, he was telling the truth. There was no esoteric trick — just a plain old common one. Boesky learned which companies were likely takeover targets by buying information from dishonest insiders. It is no great trick to make money on takeovers when you know about them in advance.

Boesky's punishment for insider trading was a $150 million fine and banishment from US securities markets. Rather than go to prison, he agreed to co-operate with the justice authorities and dob in others who had also been doing more or less the same.

When I first told the story of Boesky's downfall to some of my friends, I was surprised that many found the punishment too severe to fit the crime. Their reasoning went something like this.

Suppose you decide to sell some shares you have been holding for some time. Someone else, perfectly innocently, buys them. The next day a takeover bid is made for the company and the share price doubles. The buyer has had some good luck while you, the seller, have caught the short end of the stick.

Now, suppose the buyer was not an innocent — suppose he had inside information about the takeover bid. The consequences for you are precisely the same. You voluntarily sold your shares and you received the going market price for them. In either case, no one forced you to sell, so it's hard to see how you have been harmed.

The logic of this argument is difficult to refute. Insider trading does not appear to have an appreciable effect on individual traders. The real worry is that revelations about insider trading will keep those without special sources of information from making future investments. If the average investor begins to look on the share market as fixed, if he perceives the system as fundamentally unfair, he may decide not to invest at all. The economy cannot be kept going solely with money invested by fast-buck artists such as Boesky. If long-term investments decrease, society suffers.

Despite its destructive nature, insider trading is notoriously widespread and very difficult to stamp out. *Fortune* magazine studied 20 randomly selected companies, all of which were targets of takeovers. They found the share price of 19 of the 20 moved up significantly in the month before the takeover bid was announced. What pushed the price up? There is no way to know, but a reasonable guess is that insiders were buying shares with the intention of making a quick profit when the takeover deal was publicly announced. They knew what they were doing was wrong but the temptation was too strong to resist.

Some think the Boesky case will put an end to insider trading, but I doubt it. It's true Boesky was forced to cough up $150 million, but he got to keep an equal amount. That's the reason most investors do not want to wipe out insider trading; they just want to get in on it. Who says crime doesn't pay? — SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

KENWOOD

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AS40

WOMEN

It is The Case Of The Smiling Scruff. And a ritzy dame named Cordelia is as guilty as hell.

Cordelia kicks off her Italian leather pumps, slithers out of her Dior nylons and recklessly flings her Country Road co-ordinates on to the floor.

"Would you like me to take off my panties, Trev?" she purrs, running her hand through her carefully coiffured mane.

"Yeah," he growls, ripping off her knickers with one masterful stroke.

"D'ya have to go, Cor?" he queries, two hours and five and a bit orgasms later.

"Sorry, love," she announces. "Jeremy and I have to attend a gallery opening. I detest first nights but, well, you know what it's like."

"Feel like a bit of jig-a-jig, Cordelia?" chirps Jeremy two hours and five and a bit white wine spritzers later.

"Not tonight, Jeremy," she replies. "I have the most awful headache."

Trevor is a paunchy 34-year-old motor mechanic with an archaeological build-up of grease under his fingernails. His idea of a beaut time is a few beers at the boozer and then a Chinese blowout in the club cafeteria.

He has one brown suit which he wears to weddings and for meetings with his bank manager, he lives in a down-at-heel boarding house and drives a rugged old Holden ute.

Jeremy is a 31-year-old architect who lifts weights at the gym and never touches red meat. His ideal evening out starts with a first-night show and winds up with a bowl of wholemeal pasta splashed with fresh basil pesto.

He pushes up the sleeves of his pastel linen jackets, wears slender leather ties and tootles around in a small BMW.

Cordelia is married to Jeremy. They have twin daughters, Sarah and Kate, and a slim grey cat called Oliver. She gave up her job as a fashion buyer when the girls were born. These days she spends a lot of time driving the twins to and from school and ballet classes.

Her silver Honda Accord is forever requiring mechanical attention, she is very hard on nylon stockings and she suffers from the most awful headaches, always on Monday and Thursday nights.

Cordelia is bored. Jeremy is bored. Trevor is just plain boring. Okay, why then does this good-looking, intelligent woman bestow her favors twice a week on a fat, untidy mechanic?

It's more than boredom, you know. It's scruff appeal.

When Jeremy has the occasional after-dinner cigar, Cordelia tracks his progress through their restored terrace-house with an ashtray and can of air freshener.

When Trev casually stubs out his fag on her bare bosom, she shudders in awe of his he-man habits.

When Jeremy escorts her to dinner they invariably get the best table and sit carefully like two exquisitely fashionable store-window dummies.

When Trev drags her along to his favorite boozer for a lunchtime bite she cowers in the corner hoping no one will notice her association with a man who sports cockatoos on his short-sleeved shirt and tatts on his biceps.

Cordelia would never leave Jeremy, of course, at least not for a bloke like Trev. They have absolutely nothing in common except for crash-hot communion between the sheets.

Cordelia's desire for this slightly unsavory fellow has not the least bit to do with his charm or conversation, his money or his manners. It's the precise lack of all those attractions that enables this woman to transform from a sedate, sensible mother of two to a salacious, sex-crazed strumpet.

There's a smidgin of schizophrenia in every woman. From a very early age we are taught that our reputations are terribly important. It's all very well for males to sow their seeds from Darwin to Devonport and back, to lay every likely lass that may happen along. They are labelled as real goers, macho men, playboys. If females behave in such a fashion, tags such as nympho, slut and tart begin to fly. And we *all* know that men take nymphos, sluts and tarts to their beds but they *never* marry them.

So a woman such as Cordelia remains virtuous until Jeremy arrives. They marry and settle down, they spawn children and mould a respectable lifestyle.

Jeremy has few regrets. He's had his years of playing around, he's bedded dozens of women. He finds life a tad predictable but he's proud of his attractive wife and, besides, he gets rid of a lot of excess energy at the gym and on the tennis court.

Cordelia, however, knows that there's a carefree, cruising Cor inside who wants to be lusted after and laid by a big, anonymous man who'll treat her like the tart she longs to be. Not that sex with Jeremy is bad. He's considerate, capable of giving her orgasms, searches relentlessly for her G spot, overlooks her PMT tantrums, and never makes her lie on the wet spot. He just doesn't fuck her, dammit.

It's too late to change things with Jeremy. If she mutters four-letter words (the meanings of which she's not even supposed to know) into Jeremy's ear, he'll totally *disapprove*.

If the mother of his children sashays into the boudoir wearing crotchless panties and a feather boa he'll suspect she's gone stark raving mad. "You've been reading too many women's magazines, Cordelia," he'll pronounce as he fiddles with *Architectural Digest*.

But with Trevor she can stick a pair of purple gauze knickers on her head and a feather in her fanny. Good ol' Trev isn't going to *judge* her. He has no expectations, no appearances to keep up.

That's not to say he isn't a bit bamboozled by this elegant, expensively dressed woman who ruins her professional manicure every Monday and Thursday afternoon by practically ripping the living daylights out of his bare skin.

Still, he isn't going to complain. At least she doesn't tell him which tie to wear, doesn't want him to choose curtains with her, doesn't knit him cute jumpers that don't fit, and wouldn't even speak the same language as his mum, let alone want to get cosy with her.

Trevor smiles a helluva lot these days.

It'll peter out. Cordelia will, in time, satisfy her wanton yearnings and her comfortable life will envelop her again.

Meanwhile, it's Jeremy for security and style and Trevor for sexual release and clandestine cravings.

And now, if you'll excuse me, it's two in the afternoon and I sense a certain throb in my engine that may just require some mechanical attention.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY CAPELLE

MEN

How do a bunch of career women at a smut party handle throbbing toy penises and porn videos?

Sure, I have spies. Yes, they are sometimes women in trenchcoats. No, I'm not joking. Some of my best spies are beautiful women in trenchcoats. Women like Cobra.

Cobra is 28 years old. She was born in the Far East, the child of a European mother and an Asian father. Cobra is a stunning woman who sells mainframe computers, speaks five languages fluently, swims several kilometres a day, keeps a well-shaped ear to the ground in the world of fashion and entertainment — and for some reason likes to let me know what's going on with her and her friends.

The Men column is heavy-duty work, as I've already told you guys. Cobra doesn't give anything away for free, so when she has some good information for me, I have to buy a bottle of champagne and then get some sushi or a pizza with the works. Then I have to hump it over to her high-rise apartment which happens to have an indoor pool and a sauna, and I have to sit with this beautiful woman in her bikini and take notes. It's exhausting work. Soon I plan to ask for a raise. But not too soon.

When Cobra called to say she wanted to tell me about a party she'd attended for one of her girlfriends, I thought I'd humor her and go see her. I'm a nice guy that way. Besides, Cobra and I have a lot of laughs. She is very cynical about men and women and the shenanigans they go through to try and fool each other. The ice in Cobra's heart is as clear as glass, and it allows her to see the sexual wars from a detached distance.

"I got a call from Terri," Cobra said. We were sitting in the sauna. Cobra was wearing a towel around her head like a turban. She looked like a svelte Cleopatra. "Terri was so excited she was yelling into the phone: 'Laura finally got John to propose to her. Let's have a smut party! Let's get down and act dirty just like men do!' "

"A smut party? Like a bachelor party?" I asked.

"Exactly," Cobra said.

"Booze and porn?"

"Booze and porn," Cobra laughed.

"Just like us boys," I said.

"That's what was interesting," Cobra smiled.

"It wasn't just like us boys?"

"In some ways it was. I've been to a couple of bachelor parties, though, and somehow this wasn't quite the same. But it was interesting. I mean, they tried, they really did."

"*You've* been to a couple of bachelor parties?" I asked.

Cobra looked at me as if I were a squashed bandicoot. "Of course. Would you keep me out of a bachelor party if it was up to you?"

"Nope," I said.

"Pour me some more champagne before you bore me," Cobra said imperiously.

I dug into the ice bucket and followed orders.

"Ace," Cobra said, "I own you right now, so don't interrupt, okay?

"The Great Smut Party was at Terri's apartment. She invited eight of Laura's best friends. We were all career women. Ages? Karen's 22, Raelene's 45. That's the range. Terri's a lawyer, Laura's in PR, Karen's beginning a career in banking. It was Yuppieville, no question about it. Wine and cheese and lots of penises."

"Lots of what?" I asked.

"Lots of penises. Penis vibrators, penis pastries; they even had pencil erasers that were shaped like little pink penises. Penis balloons, penis swizzle sticks. Definitely a penis theme for the evening.

"Then there were the gifts. I brought Laura a pair of handcuffs. 'You're 30, you've never been married, and you've probably never been kinky,' I told her, 'but now's the time to start.' Karen brought her a whip. Terri gave her some panties with an open crotch. Then there were some edible panties, some bras with lace and open nipples, two big bottles of massage oil, a vibrating shower head. But Sarah brought the hit of the evening: a walking penis. It was like those false teeth you've seen that can hop across a desk. Only this was a penis that hopped. Every woman needs one.

"The funny thing is that most of the women were a little uncomfortable through all this. I mean, they were making all the right moves, but until they got enough alcohol in them, they were pretty inhibited. There was a lot of small talk. Polite talk. They were very unwilling to really let go. I don't think women trust each other in conditions like that as much as men do. They haven't had the practice. The humor was forced, and they stayed away from direct sexual talk.

"Raelene broke the ice. She got bombed early. And she started to talk about her first lover. Details about him, about how he seduced her and what the loss of her virginity was like and how many men she'd slept with. Then Laura started to talk about how horny John is and how he always wants to do it at dinnertime when she wants to eat. 'When we're in bed at night, I don't know if it's the cat or his penis poking me,' she kept saying. Everybody laughed at that. Men really don't know how amused women are at male horniness. Women are very condescending about that. They act as if they're superior to men because men are so needy.

"But it was interesting. When it came to the X-rated videotapes, these women didn't know how to handle it.

"I'd rented some Johnny Wadd tapes. He's hung like a horse and I thought it would be funny to see how my girlfriends reacted. Guess what? They were very uncertain about their feelings. Most of them pretended they were grossed out. But they watched very carefully, I can tell you that. They tried to joke about him. They were also embarrassed to be watching this strange little dude with the big penis get his rocks off. You know what I think? I think those films were too much for them. I think they were too direct. Too raunchy.

"That's what I learned. Women don't know how to be rowdy and raunchy yet. They'd rather watch soft porn than anything really tough. They're still very careful with sex. Men can handle raw sex. Most women can't.

"You want to know the bitter truth? It was a boring evening. We stopped the videotapes, they changed the subject as fast as they could, and we went home early. I learned all over again that most women do not want to be confronted with their own sexuality.

"The smut party wasn't much more than a tea party. There was a lot of chatter, a few minutes of intensity, then more chatter. A great big bore," Cobra said.

"More champagne?" I asked.

"This time I'll pour," she said.

— ASA BABER

F-111 cutaway

1 Hinged nose cone
2 Attack radar
3 Terrain-following radar
4 Nose hinges (2)
5 Radar mounting
6 Nose lock
7 Angle-of-sideslip probe
8 Homing antenna (high)
9 Forward warning antenna
10 Homing antenna (low and mid)
11 ALR-41 antenna
12 Flight control computers
13 Feel and trim assembly
14 Forward avionics bay
15 Angle-of-attack probe
16 UHF Comm/Tacan No 2
17 Module forward bulkhead and stabilization flaps (2)
18 Twin nosewheels
19 Shock strut
20 Underfloor impact attenuation bag stowage (4)
21 Nosewheel well
22 LOX converter
23 Rudder pedals
24 Control column
25 LOX heat exchanger
26 Auxiliary flotation bag pressure bottle
27 Weapons sight
28 Forward parachute bridle line
29 De-fog nozzle
30 Windscreen
31 Starboard console
32 Emergency oxygen bottle
33 Crew seats
34 Bulkhead console
35 Wing sweep control handle
36 Recovery chute catapult
37 Provision/survival pack
38 Attenuation bags pressure bottle
39 Recovery chute
40 Aft parachute bridle line
41 UHF
42 Stabilization-brake chute
43 Self-righting bag
44 UHF
45 ECM antennae (port and starboard)
46 Forward fuselage fuel bay (2,340 Imp gal/10,638 litres)
47 Ground refuelling receptacle
48 Weapons bay
49 Module pitch flaps (port and starboard)
50 Aft flotation bag stowage
51 Air refuelling receptacle
52 Primary heat-exchanger (air-to-water)
53 Ram air inlet
54 Rate gyros
55 Rotating glove
56 Inlet variable spike
57 Port intake
58 Air brake/undercarriage door
59 Auxiliary inlet blow-in doors
60 Rotating glove pivot point
61 Inlet vortex generators
62 Wing sweep pivot
63 Wing centre-box assembly
64 Wing sweep actuator
65 Wing sweep feedback
66 Control runs
67 Rotating glove drive set
68 Inboard pivot pylons (2)
69 Auxiliary drop tanks (500 Imp gal/2,273 litres)
70 Outboard fixed pylon (subsonic/jettisonable)
71 Slat drive set
72 Wing fuel tank (324 Imp gal/1,473 litres)
73 Leading-edge slat
74 Starboard navigation light
75 Flap drive set
76 Outboard spoiler actuator
77 Starboard spoilers
78 Inboard spoiler actuator
79 Flaps
80 Wing swept position
81 Auxiliary flap
82 Auxiliary flap actuator
83 Nuclear weapons and weapons control equipment package
84 Wing sweep/Hi Lift control box
85 Flap, slat and glove drive mechanism
86 Starboard engine bay
87 Yaw feel spring
88 Roll feel spring
89 Yaw trim actuator
90 Yaw damper servo
91 Roll stick position transducer
92 Pitch trim actuator (manual)
93 Roll damper servo
94 Pitch trim actuator (series)
95 Pitch feel spring
96 Pitch-roll mixer
97 Pitch damper servo
98 Pitch stick position transducer
99 Aft fuselage frames
100 Aft fuselage fuel bays (1,191 Imp gal/5,413 litres)
101 Horizontal stabilizer servo actuator
102 Starboard horizontal stabilizer
103 Aft warning antennae
104 HF antenna
105 Detector scanner
106 X-Band radar
107 Rudder
108 Integral vent tank
109 Fin aft spar
110 Fin structure
111 Fin/fuselage attachment
112 Rudder servo actuator
113 Variable nozzle
114 Tailfeathers
115 ECM antenna
116 ALR-41 antenna
117 Horizontal stabilizer structure
118 Horizontal stabilizer servo actuator
119 Free floating blow-in doors
120 Afterburner section
121 Horizontal stabilizer servo actuator
122 Wing swept position
123 UHF
124 Ventral fin
125 Fire detection sensing element loops
126 Cross frames
127 Engine access hatches
128 Engine accessories
129 Pratt & Whitney TF30 turbofan
130 Three-stage fan
131 Intake duct
132 Fire extinguishing agent container and nozzles
133 Wing box skinning
134 Port mainwheel
135 Auxiliary drop tanks
136 Pivot pylon
137 Pivot point
138 Pivot actuator
139 Flap racks
140 Fixed pylon strong point
141 Outboard fixed jettisonable pylon
142 Wing integral fuel
143 Wing box structure
144 Port navigation light

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SPORT

That rebel tour of South Africa is still having a disastrous effect on Australian cricket.

If you thought that the summer just past was a confusing old cricket season, what with the Poms' switch-on/switch-off approach to touring, just wait till next summer.

Firstly, there is the little matter of the Return Of The Rebels, when the crew who have been chasing the krugerrand and watching their backs in South Africa for the past two seasons return to the fray.

At the time the rebel tour was announced, plenty of Australia's cricket experts, not to mention a few of us on the Hill, put a brave face on the defections. "What the hell, who needs 'em," we said. "Bunch of has-beens anyway."

Hmm. Two seasons down the track, anyone who doesn't believe that the Australian rebel tour hasn't had an effect on the official team's win/loss percentage hasn't been paying attention.

They couldn't have witnessed, for instance, the first Test of the 1985 season, when Richard Hadlee ran a skewer through the guts of Australian cricket in Brisbane, taking nine-for-next-to-nothing while the Aussies squirmed their way to a first-innings total of 179. Okay, so teams get out for small scores when a top bowler like Hadlee has conditions in his favor. But when our boys got hold of the cherry, nary a ball deviated off the line, let alone hit the edge of the bat or the stumps. Well, not that Martin Crowe and John Reid noticed anyway. They would have noticed if it had, watching as they were during a partnership of 224.

The doubters who reckoned we didn't miss the rebels couldn't have been watching in Auckland last March, when our lads buckled for 103 to finish the season where they began, on the end of a hiding from New Zealand. Maybe they weren't watching in Brisbane last November either, when our inexperienced pace trio sprayed the ball all over the shop, and the English side — fresh from series defeats at the hands of India and the Kiwis — thrashed the locals from pillar to post.

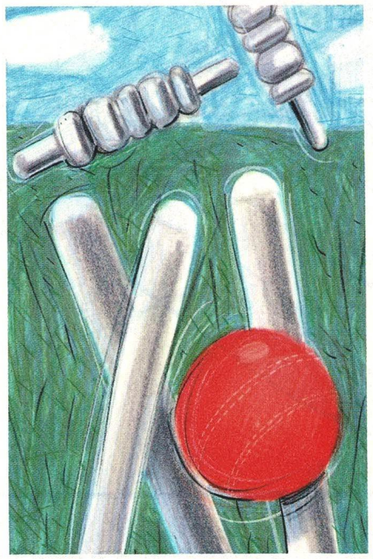
There is definitely something amiss with a Test attack that gets smashed around by batsmen who have hitherto been known only as competent English county tradesmen. In the Perth Test in November, rookie wicketkeeper Jack Richards batted with an ease more often associated with his namesake. Yet he is no Viv Richards and never will be. English openers Chris Broad and Bill Athey, no-nonsense but not particularly gifted county types, put on a casual little opening stand of 223 in that game before the Australians could get one through their wearied defences. They batted as nonchalantly as A-graders at a Sunday social match.

Every time an Australian team has failed lately, there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth, not to mention fingers pointed in the direction of the hapless selection panel.

There were one or two first-class blunders this summer, but there were very few Sheffield Shield cricketers who jumped up and pressed their claims.

Now the rebels in South Africa weren't exactly the greatest set of world-beaters either. But can there be much doubt now that the absence of the West Australian swing and seam bowler, Terry Alderman, was a savage blow to Allan Border's fledgling team? (Alderman, you might recall, spent the last winter skittling Poms, day in and day out, while playing for Kent in the English county championship.)

Or how about Kim Hughes? Chuck him in the middle of what is a fairly promising young team and surely we would have converted a few morale-shattering losses into face-saving draws, and turned some scrambled draws into wins. Those two are world class, and a few more of the rebels, such as Carl Rackemann, are Test class.



So here's the catch. At the start of next season, Hughes and the rest are again available to play first-class cricket. The problem is, they will still have one year's penance to serve during which they are banned from being picked for Australia.

Now it's going to be a little embarrassing, isn't it, if Kimberley John is out smashing 200 for Western Australia while the Australian team is stumbling through another Test match? Or if Carl Rackemann makes mincemeat of a touring team in a warm-up match but the poor old selectors can't pick him for a Test a week later?

There'll be some added acrimony in the dressing rooms as well, with the players who stayed loyal carefully eyeing the wallets of those who didn't. What does Allan Border think of the blokes who left him in the lurch with a bunch of young hopefuls? Plenty, I'll bet.

There'll be an added dilemma for the state selectors, what with the success of Hughes in the courts last year arguing restraint of trade. There could be a few more writs to fly yet.

The rebels will be far from forgotten men. Do you think Queensland, desperately short of penetrative bowlers, will give Rackemann and John Maguire the flick? Or that the struggling Tasmanians will ignore the homegrown talents of Peter Faulkner?

Adding to the confusion will be the fractured nature of the home season, courtesy of the World Cup in India and Pakistan in October and November. Anyone who knows the difficulties of air travel on the subcontinent will realise that it will take a miracle for that event not to be a comical stuff-up, so the Aussie Test players should be dizzied enough already by the time they swing a bat in anger back in Australia.

Pakistan were scheduled to tour here, which would have been nice, since they were the last team we managed to give a decent belting to. But the World Cup has put an end to that, and it appears there will be a split Test series, probably featuring the Kiwis first-up. Thankfully for the locals, Richard Hadlee should have hung up his boots by then.

There will be one Test against England as well, as part of the Bicentenary celebrations in Sydney in January next year. The Sydney Test is sure to be a sell-out, but it remains to be seen how the punters will react to the rest of the fare. If the notoriously fickle Australian public can remain indifferent to an Ashes tour, there's not much chance they'll flock to see the Kiwis.

Which brings us to a crucial point. If the rebel tour to South Africa did inflict such serious damage to the state of the game in this country, how could the participants escape with such minor punishment?

The rebels will be available for Test cricket for the 1988-89 summer, the year the West Indies are scheduled to return here. The thought of facing Viv's calypso crew at anything less than full strength would be horrible.

— NOEL MENGEL

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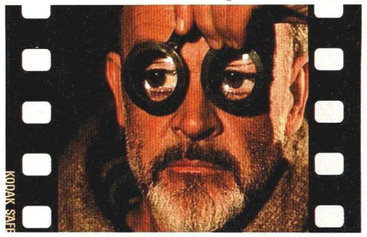
SHOWBIZ

A new James Bond, a flashier Whoopi Goldberg, and the return of the old Fast Eddie.

A BOND BY ANOTHER NAME: As wrinkled Roger goes the way of all flesh another 007 emerges from the shadows to take his place in the 15th movie in the James Bond series, *The Living Daylights*. **Timothy Dalton** is somewhat more of an actor than his predecessor, having paid his dues with the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Old Vic. With a very impressive Rochester in TV's *Jane Eyre* and a string of movie roles as slightly sinister anti-heroes to his credit, he seems a natural for the part. Meanwhile



Brother William (Sean Connery), a medieval Sherlock Holmes in The Name Of The Rose.

the man who made the role worth while, **Sean Connery**, turns up as a medieval monk-turned-detective in the movie adaptation of **Umberto Eco**'s world best-seller, *The Name Of The Rose*. Co-starring **F. Murray Abraham** from *Amadeus* as the chief inquisitor, it's full of good basic material and fine acting, but director **Jean-Jacques Annaud** seemed more at home with Neanderthals in *Quest For Fire*.

•

THE HUSTLER REVISITED: It's a great idea. Twenty-five years further down the line, "Fast Eddie" Felson, the ace pool player who managed to beat Minnesota Fats (**Jackie Gleason**) at his second attempt in *The Hustler*, finds himself a protege through whom he can experience the thrill of it all once again in *The Color Of Money*. And lo and behold, the original Fast Eddie, **Paul Newman**, sporting a moustache which makes him look remarkably like **Richard Dreyfuss**, is still around to reprise his classic role. But now he's more like the person **George C. Scott** played in the original, the rather menacing mentor, intent on teaching the young contender to play for keeps. This time round the gifted newcomer is played by **Tom Cruise**, who does remarkably well in a role which demands much more of him than the macho posturings of the jingoistic *Top Gun*. The love interest is provided in Cruise's case by **Mary Elizabeth** (*Scarface*) **Mastrantonio**, who acts as his girlfriend/manager, while Newman is matched with **Helen Shaver**, who is best remembered as the reluctant lesbian in *Desert Hearts*. *The Color Of Money* is a guaranteed Oscar nominee (this could be Newman's year) and a box-office and critical success. If it fails in the end to measure up to *The Hustler*, the fault lies with director **Martin** (*After Hours*) **Scorsese**'s ditching of the original story in favor of his usual insistence on bizarre psychological motivation, which has Newman abandoning his protege at the crucial moment and going off on a tangent of his own.

•

NEWSBREAKS: It seems **Yahoo Serious** raised the money for *Young Einstein* in Hollywood in the **George Miller**-*Mad Max* tradition, ensuring a US distribution deal. And not an American star in sight, which we understood was essential. . . Beatles producer **George Martin** is working on a 24-part British TV series on pop music from the '50s to the present, called *All You Need Is Ears*. . . **George Lucas** is doing a video with **Linda Ronstadt, Dolly Parton** and **Emmylou Harris** of the song *To Know Him Is To Love Him*, the **Teddybears** hit of the late '50s, with **Phil Spector** in the line-up. . . **Brian Wilson** is working on a solo LP, and after *Heroes And Villains*, the recent expose of the **Beach Boys**, we're glad he still can. . . **Prince**'s **Revolution** is no more: **Wendy Melvin** and **Lisa Coleman** are going to record an album together and work on a movie soundtrack, while drummer **Bobby Z** plans to concentrate on songwriting and producing. Incidentally **The Time** (from *Purple Rain*) are in a movie about the misadventures of **Morris Day**, with possible roles for former Prince associates **Vanity** and **Jerome Benton**.

•

IT'S A GAS, GAS, GAS: Pity poor **Whoopi Goldberg**. No sooner has she finished her stint of semi-slavery in *The Color Purple* than she's shot at, pushed in the river, drugged and generally kicked around in *Jumpin' Jack Flash*. However, this one is played strictly for laughs (her true forte?):

She'll wear anything to keep warm: Whoopi Goldberg in Jumpin' Jack Flash.

in one scene she is hijacked along with the public telephone box she's calling from; in another, her evening dress gets caught in a paper shredder while she's indulging in a bit of espionage, forcing her to make frantic efforts to stop her tits from plopping out the top. *Flash* is a first directorial effort from **Penny Marshall** of *Laverne And Shirley* fame, with a totally incredible plot about a merchant bank's computer whizz (Goldberg) whose talents are exploited by an English spy in order to spring himself from custody in Russia (how he reaches a computer terminal every night is never made clear). But after a slow start, with the star trying a little too hard, it emerges as a barrel of laughs and a great vehicle for Whoopi's comedic talents.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

Australian Dream A funny Oz *sex* comedy! What next? Noni Hazelhurst at her brilliant best. ¥¥¥

Children Of A Lesser God William Hurt as a teacher of the deaf who falls in love with his work. Pure romance. ¥¥¥

Dead End Drive-In Australia in the bleak near-future. Naive but too close for comfort. ¥¥

Heartburn Love, marriage, babies and betrayal, with Nicholson as cad and Streep as short-suffering wife. ¥¥¥

Mona Lisa Ex-jailbird drives "tall, thin, black tart" to her clients — and falls in love. Masterly. ¥¥¥¥

Mosquito Coast Harrison Ford and Peter Weir together again for Paul Theroux's tale of insanity in the jungle. Worrying. ¥¥¥

'Night, Mother Sissy Spacek wants to suicide and Ann Bancroft can't stop her. Duet for great actresses. ¥¥¥

Peggy Sue Got Married What would you do if you could do it all again? A Coppola classic with Kathleen Turner. ¥¥¥¥

Shanghai Surprise Sean and Madonna try to do Bogey and Bacall and come out like amateurs. Blame the director. ¥

The Mission Spectacularly dull tale of Jesuits and Indians with boring Jeremy Irons. And this won at Cannes! ¥

The Fly The uncharismatic Jeff Goldblum in a remake of a horror classic with the emphasis on nausea. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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"So watch closely." My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward.
"To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice . . . er, crushed usually . . . and strawberries. Into the blender." And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, "Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri."
I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, "Encore!"

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DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
What's good foreplay for you?

Kissing. I've gotta kiss. I've got to kiss a long time and I've got to have a lot of different kisses — nibbles on the lips, luscious kisses and strong ones, too. I've been driving in a car and had to pull over because of all the kissing. I like to be rubbed, too. A rub is part massage. Do that all over me. I like it. Then play with my hair, touch my face. But don't grab me and roll me over and try to just do it to me. I'm not into that. I can't get motivated for that. Why bother? That's for a vibrator, not another person.

Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986

One of my fondest memories is of having dinner with my man, slow dancing and lots of laughter and then slipping away to one of Sydney's jetties. Then nestling back into his arms with our bare feet touching the water as we both blended harmoniously with the beauty of Sydney Harbor. Words to whisper, gentle bites, caresses. . . I always relate foreplay to an appetiser, a whole smorgasbord of senses to explore. You should take your time and try a little of everything. Believe me, getting there is half the fun!

Grace Parr

GRACE PARR
MARCH 1984

Gosh, this makes me feel like Bettina Arndt! Foreplay is a very individual thing. Some people like it tender and cuddly; others like it to be more aggressive and a little rough. For me, foreplay is the anticipation of sex. I meet someone, I think about him, I fantasise and get totally prepared emotionally and physically. I think foreplay is psychological at first. I don't want to tell you exactly what does it for me; that would be telling millions of people. But the psychological part of foreplay is the most important if you want to be happy in bed with a man. Next in importance is the build-up of anticipation. Once you've thought about sex for a while, you're ready.

Carol Ficatier

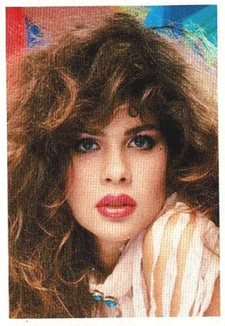
CAROL FICATIER
JANUARY 1986

Kissing is good foreplay; so are a nice dinner and some flowers. A drive in the car, or a movie, either at home or out — anything that gets you involved with each other and gets you talking. I live with a man, and my idea of good foreplay is to cook a good dinner, light candles and take the phone off the hook while we eat and talk. You don't need physical contact all the time to get excited. It helps, of course, but the way two people eat good food together can be a big turn-on, too.

Kim Morris

KIM MORRIS
APRIL 1986

Good foreplay is inventing some kind of game that you can play together as a couple, like a card game. I put down five things I would like to do and my partner does the same. Every time I lose, I have to pick one of my partner's choices for foreplay. Every time he loses, he has to pick one of mine. Believe me, it's a fun game. Sexy lingerie is also great for foreplay. I like to put it on and parade around the house. I like sexy clothing and I like to be looked at.



Teri Weigel

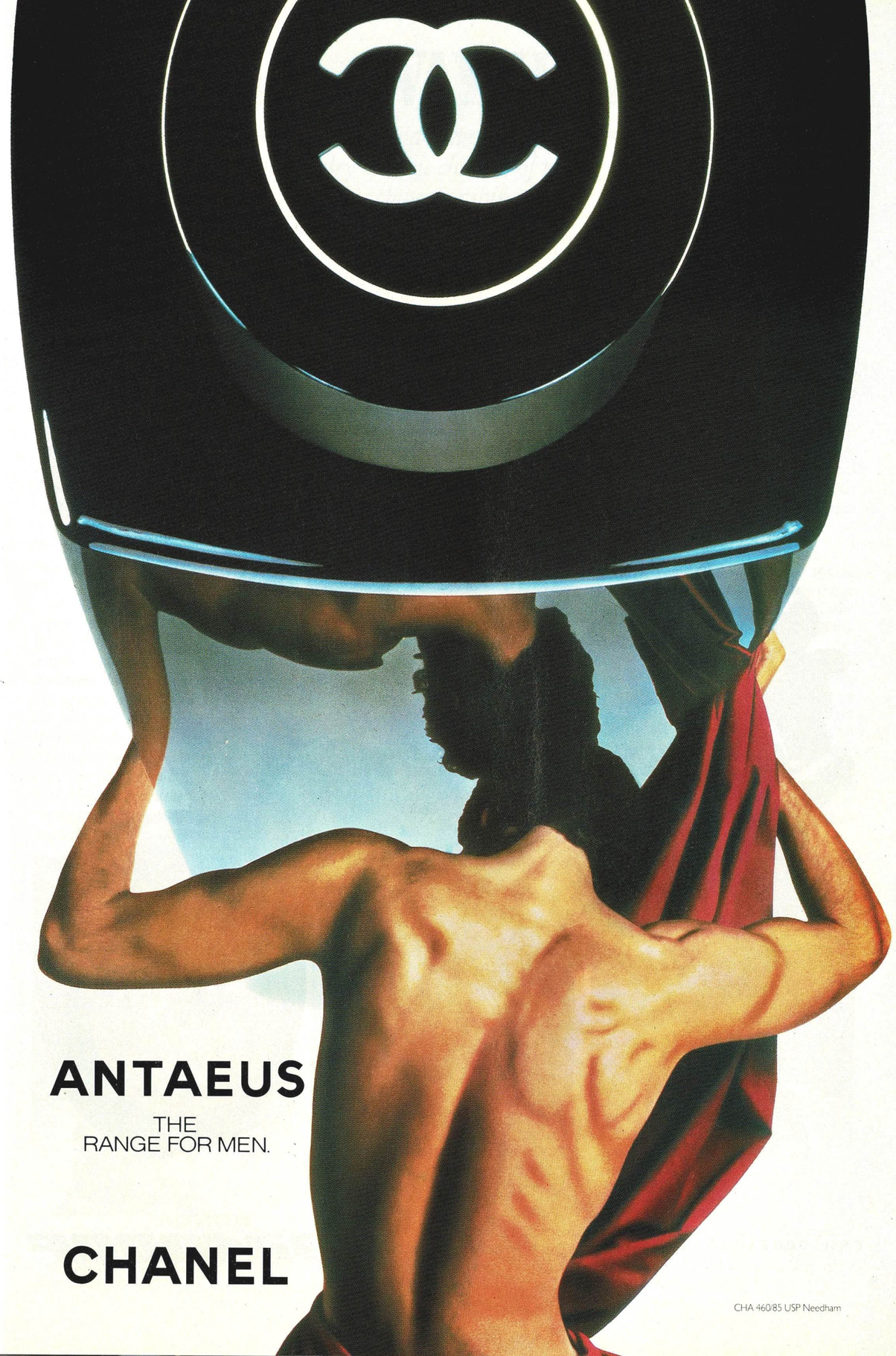
TERI WEIGEL,
MAY 1986

I'm not going to confess *all* my foreplay preferences but I will say I think this is a very individual thing. It's something created by different people in different situations and it's never going to be the same. I feel foreplay can be an intimate candlelight dinner, good wine and sexy food such as shellfish eaten with the fingers. Get my drift? Tell you what, if you don't understand, look at the restaurant scene in the movie *Flashdance*. . . now, *that's* sexy foreplay!

Felicity J Collins

FELICITY COLLINS
OCTOBER 1985

Send your questions to Dear Girls Of Playboy, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. We'll try to answer as many of your intimate queries as possible.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WAYNE GARDNER

A candid conversation with Australia's motorcycle megastar about international fame, Grand Prix rivalry and his chances of taking out the next world championship.

Mobbed in Japan by adoring fans, a cult figure in Britain and a leather-clad pin-up boy all over Europe, Grand Prix motorcycle racer Wayne Gardner is just another face in the crowd in his own country.

This was evidenced late last year when Gardner was asked to participate in the filming of a Bicentennial commercial along with 60 other Australian celebrities. Virtually no one recognised the unassuming young man of 27 who boarded the chartered plane. Like the people in the American Express ads, Gardner could rightly say: "I won three Grand Prix tournaments last year, finished second in the world championship and make a million bucks a year, but do you know me?"

Slowly, however, Australians are coming to know Wayne Gardner. After 10 years of slogging around the track he may in fact become an overnight sensation if he wins the Grand Prix championship this year, as is widely predicted. In 1986, his first full season on the prestigious Honda works team, Wollongong-born Gardner won in Spain, was hit on the start line at Monza but still managed a 16th, then never finished worse than fifth throughout the 11-event championship. According to Grand Prix aficionados, he would have clinched the title, had he been riding bikes of his own design rather than Hondas built to the specifications of teammate Freddie Spencer.

This year Gardner is the senior rider on the Honda team, riding bikes built for his style of riding. He is odds-on favorite to take out the world championship of motorcycle racing and to become the first Australian to do so.

Although Gardner spends 10 months of the year being feted in the motorcycle racing capitals of the world he is totally oblivious to his own wealth and fame. On tour he lives in a motor home with childhood sweetheart Donna Forbes and each October he returns to Wollongong where he rents a townhouse close to Mum and Dad. Gardner says he loves his home town because there nothing has changed. To friends and former workmates he is still the same bloke who six years ago got the boot the day his apprenticeship time was up and bummed around town on the dole. Whether being number one will change any of that remains to be seen.

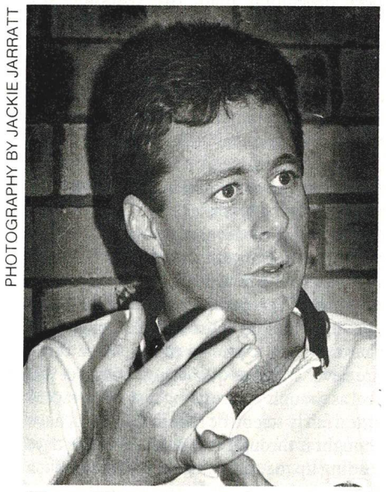
Australian PLAYBOY senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *tracked Gardner down at his Wollongong office, then completed the interview sessions at Ayers Rock. Reports Jarratt: "Wayne was low key but totally in control behind his desk at Wayne Gardner Enterprises. We hear so little about him here that it is easy to forget that the former fitter and turner regularly faces huge international press conferences and has become quite adroit at handling the media. Later, at Ayers Rock, I saw another side of the man. On a hot afternoon we climbed up the face of the monolith and in his youthful exuberance it was clear that Gardner, a professional racer since his teen years, rarely had the opportunity to wind down, to be off the wall. He cupped his hands and let out a dingo wail that shook the desert. Then, laughing his head off, he resumed the climb."*

PLAYBOY: Your 1987 Rothmans Honda sponsorship is being called a million dollar deal which would put you right up with the top earners in motor sport. What's it really worth?

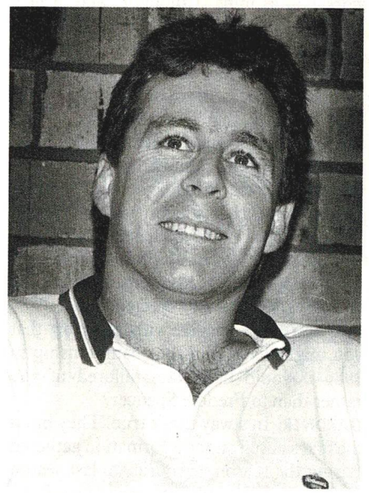
GARDNER: I never talk figures. There's been a lot of speculation but I'm not going to make it public. I'm happy with it, it's a good contract but it's for a year which might bring me the world championship, so it's a good wage but I'm also giving them their money's worth.

PLAYBOY: Your 1986 deal with Honda was said to be worth $600,000 and you never disputed that. Were they in the right ball park then? Are they in it now?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACKIE JARRATT

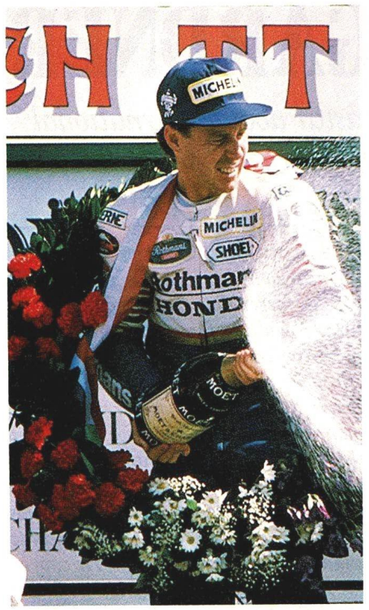


"I was riding on some experimental tyres and the sidewall split open. It knocked the wind out of me and frightened me a bit but I walked away reasonably unscathed."



"Freddie Spencer was paying so much attention to me that everyone was predicting a fight-out between the two of us. Then Eddie Lawson grabbed the crown."

"I've always got the possibility of an accident in the back of my mind and that's a good thing. The moment you think an accident can't happen it probably will."



The sweet taste of Grand Prix success

Gardner: "When I'm riding at 100 percent I'm right on the fine line of staying on or crashing."

GARDNER: (*Laughs*) I ain't saying.
PLAYBOY: Does the tag "million dollar man" irk you?
GARDNER: No.
PLAYBOY: Okay, so it's pretty much on the money.
GARDNER: Well, you know, it's not a matter of one contract being worth that. It's a matter of signing on for a certain contract fee for the season and then earning more from endorsing helmets and leathers and so on. Then there's contingency money and bonus pools and prize money. It can add up to a hell of a lot of money, but I really hate talking about it.
PLAYBOY: What does Honda want for the money this year? Surely you'll be their number one rider.
GARDNER: I talked to them about it when I was in Japan at the end of the 1986 season and they want me to spearhead the team. They want the crown, there's no doubt about that. Honda likes to win.
PLAYBOY: Where does that leave your teammate and former world champion Freddie Spencer?
GARDNER: Well, Freddie had an iffy year in 1986 with his wrist problem and there have been all sorts of stories about what's going on with him. I know when we were in Japan racing at Suzuka he had a nasty scar on his wrist from the operation he had to fix tendonitis, but whether that's fixed it properly I don't know. He didn't turn up for his fitness test in November so there's a cloud hanging over him as far as this season is concerned.
PLAYBOY: Are you and Spencer close?
GARDNER: Oh, I wouldn't want to get too close (*laughs*). We're on the same team but we're not what you'd call the greatest of friends. He doesn't have close friends. He's very much an individual and when we're on tour he just hides in his motor home. I'm pretty good mates with most of the other top riders, like Eddie Lawson, and we knock about together, play golf and do a lot of stuff.
PLAYBOY: Has the rivalry between you and Spencer become intense?
GARDNER: Yes and no. In the 1985 season I was just coming up and I was riding a private Honda rather than a works bike. When the Japanese told Freddie that I was joining the factory team and that I'd be riding alongside him he said, "Fine, but I want Wayne to have his own truck, his own mechanics and his own workshop." Jeez, he didn't even want his bikes in the same workshop as mine. I thought, well, if he's gonna be like that, then I'll be the same back. We don't share secrets. We work under the same roof but that's about all. All Honda want to do is win the world championship, they're not bothered.
PLAYBOY: But Honda must have put their faith in you to win it for them.
GARDNER: Well, Freddie's won it twice before but he's had almost a year away from the sport and I think you tend to lose touch. But he's got a lot of ability and he might come back strongly. As number two in 1986 of course there's a lot expected of me.
PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the theory that you might have won the championship in 1986 if you'd had bikes tailored to you rather than to Freddie Spencer?
GARDNER: In a way that's true. They build the bikes based on the information gathered during the season, and prior to last season Freddie was the only one riding on a four-cylinder Honda, so I suppose you could say that last season's bikes were tailored to him. In 1987 you'll see a vast difference in Honda bikes because the information has come from me. Of course there'll be a lot of chopping and changing during the pre-season trials.
PLAYBOY: Who do you regard as your major rivals for the championship this year?
GARDNER: Oh well, Freddie has a lot of natural ability and if he's there he'll be a problem. And Eddie Lawson is always hard to beat. He's won it twice and he could do it again unless I put a stop to him. He's smooth and consistent and he always looks as if he's doing it easy.
PLAYBOY: In 1986 the experts put the difference between you and Lawson down to machinery. Do you agree?
GARDNER: Yamaha has a good bike. They've been developing it for five years and it's really coming on strong. Last year was only the second year of Honda's four-cylinder racer and I think they got a bit lost along the way there for a while. They got muddled up with the development of the machine and it wasn't working real well there for a while. I'm sure Honda can fix it and I'm hoping that from the information I've given they can get it just a bit faster.
PLAYBOY: At the level of the sport at which you operate, how much of it is down to equipment and how much to temperament?
GARDNER: Temperament counts for a lot. You have to hold yourself back, not go over the top or do irrational things. Race times are never as fast as qualifying times, yet you feel as though you're going faster in a race. I ride a fairly scientific race in that I will have thought it through several times in the days leading up to it. I don't go at it like a bull at a gate.
PLAYBOY: You've described yourself as a safe rider. . .
GARDNER: Oh, I've had my moments.
PLAYBOY: One of them at Surfers Paradise seemed to be a near thing.
GARDNER: Well, I think most people don't know the facts on that one. I was riding on some experimental tyres at the time and the sidewall split open. It had been slipping worse and worse as the day went on and when it finally deflated I was thrown over the handlebars. It knocked the wind out of me and frightened me a bit but I walked away reasonably unscathed.
PLAYBOY: Have you ever been badly hurt?
GARDNER: No. Like all motorcycle riders and footballers I've had my collarbone broken and I've had minor fractures here and there. You can be fast and safe at the same time. A lot of people think that it's terribly dangerous but I think that's because they don't understand the sport. You ride faster at the top level but it's actually safer because you're on better circuits and there's so much at stake no one wants to get put out through injury. Of course when you're aiming for the Grand Prix championship there are times when you have to take risks, but I try to limit the time I'm at risk. Most of the time I'll be racing around the track at about 90 percent of my ability. When I'm riding at 100 percent I'm right on that fine line of staying on or crashing. In some races there'll be a couple of corners where I'm riding at 110 percent, beyond my ability. You can only get away with that for a couple of corners.
PLAYBOY: Although you've been lucky yourself, you've been very close when other riders have fallen. Tell us about the incident with the Italian Franco Uncini during the Dutch Grand Prix in 1983.
GARDNER: Mmm, that was a bad one. It was my first Grand Prix event and I was out to impress everyone. I qualified eighth or ninth and at the time of the incident I was running fifth in the race. Franco crashed and as I came around the corner and tried to avoid him, he got up and ran in the same direction. His head hit the front of my bike. I went limp, trying to hold the bike back but he spun around with the impact and I went off into the ditch. It was probably the worst moment in my career. My first Grand Prix, trying to impress and I thought I'd killed the guy. I told my friends that was it, I'd never race again. They all said it wasn't my fault but that didn't make any difference to me. I went to the hospital later to have some plaster put on some ligaments and I saw Uncini's brother. He asked me to visit Franco with him so I thought he must have been okay. We walked into intensive care and he was in a coma. His face was black and blue and he had wires coming out of him everywhere. I just looked at him and cried my eyes out. I left there and told my girlfriend Donna and friend Roger Marshall that I was definitely quitting. We went back to England and I moped around for a couple of weeks before I heard that Franco had come out of the coma and looked like being brand new again. I was contracted to

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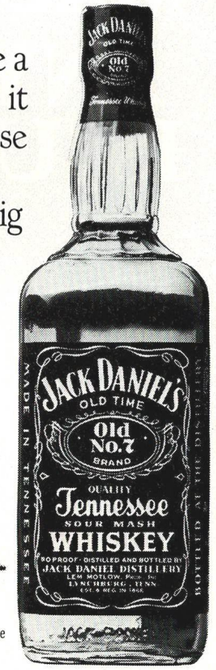

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race for Honda Britain the following week so I relented and went in it and won. I was pretty much okay after that but in a way the incident was character building for me. It made me think a lot about safety and what can happen.

PLAYBOY: You were also on the spot when English rider John Newbold died. Was that traumatic?

GARDNER: Well, I didn't actually see it happen, but I saw the bits and pieces scattered all over the track as I came around the corner. That was in the North West 200 in Ulster, a very dangerous race. It happened just a few months before the Uncini thing. It was at the last bend on the course, a 225km/h bend on the street with lamp poles and everything in the way. I never did like that race but I used to go because it paid well and we used to have some rather good times at the Seaspray Hotel. I was a good friend of John's and we'd been getting to know each other quite well that weekend. I was settled back in fourth place when it happened. I always play it safe in road races. Anything can happen — a dog or even a horse might appear. John was apparently in a bit of a scuffling match with the two front runners and he came to grief. He hit the lamp pole at 200km/h. It was like a bomb exploding. When I came around the corner there were bits of bike all over the track and he was up against the fence. Fortunately he was killed instantly. I managed to pick a path through the debris and keep going but I pulled out of the last race. It was too much of a loss.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you see something as shocking as that?

GARDNER: It's very frightening. I haven't raced on road circuits since then. I think they're far too dangerous. You tend not to have accidents like that on race tracks.

PLAYBOY: Are you scared before a Grand Prix event or does adrenalin take over?

GARDNER: Oh, there's a little bit of fear there. I've always got the possibility of an accident in the back of my mind and that's a good thing. The moment you think an accident can't happen is the moment it probably will. I'm nervous, of course. If I wasn't nervous I wouldn't be ready to race. The best performances come out of a compromise between the nerves and being relaxed. I try to remember exactly where that headspace is and put myself in it before a race.

PLAYBOY: What's the atmosphere like at a motorcycle Grand Prix?

GARDNER: Highly charged, very emotional. In Europe and Japan you get up to 300,000 people, which is bigger than for Formula One cars. It's exciting and it's growing every year. In Japan, where I've done very well in the past, I get mobbed when I arrive at the circuit. That doesn't happen in Europe but it's pretty amazing at most places. The smallest crowds are in the poorer countries like Yugoslavia, where you might only get 50-80,000. I love the attention I get in Japan. I put a lot into my racing and it's nice to know that it's appreciated. But it gets a bit much some times. There's a bowling alley at Suzuka, but it's impossible to have a game. There's a huge crowd around me wanting autographs and you just wish they'd give you a break.

PLAYBOY: We heard the Japanese fans even tracked you down in Anchorage, Alaska.

GARDNER: That's true. We were on our way back to Europe from Japan and the plane stopped to refuel. A group of Japanese tourists spotted me in the terminal. But that was nothing compared with Suzuka. The hotel there is part of the race circuit complex — it's like Disneyland with a race track. They chased me back to the hotel wanting autographs once and I just made it into my room. They stayed outside all night, chattering away. I couldn't sleep.

PLAYBOY: Does the crowd ever turn nasty?

GARDNER: Well, there was a nasty incident when I won the eight-hour race at Suzuka in 1985. I rode my nuts off all day and the heat and humidity were unbearable. At the end of it I was hyperventilating. I had blurry vision, the whole lot. When I finished the race the crowd went mad and jumped the fence. There were 20,000 people on the track. My mechanics and Roger Marshall came over just as it really hit me. I had no energy left at all and with all these people all over me I couldn't breathe. The bike fell over and I couldn't stand up. The people started ripping my gloves and leathers off, they were pushing and shoving and I really thought I was going to be trampled to death. Roger and the mechanics formed a protective circle around me and they lifted me over the fence and got me to the hospital. I was on oxygen for an hour and a half. That was the hardest I've ever ridden and I remember thinking, great, I've won the race and now I'm gonna get killed for it (*laughs*).

PLAYBOY: Maybe you need minders.

GARDNER: Oh, my mechanics do a pretty good job and remember, this only happens in Japan. I'm getting the clues now. On race day and qualifying day I won't walk anywhere. I either go in a car or I get a little mini-bike to go from the hotel to the circuit. That way they don't see me until it's too late.

PLAYBOY: We know you have Porsches scattered around the globe and a motor home in Europe, but what's your life on the road really like? Do you have a big entourage?

GARDNER: I suppose there's about a dozen people in our team. There are five in the main team, my mechanics and the guys who drive my trucks; then there are the engineers who usually travel in their own cars. It's fantastic, a lot of fun but I don't really get to see all that much of the world — mostly just motorways and race tracks. In February I'm really looking forward to the season starting. I can't wait to get back to Europe and see all my friends, but it's a hectic schedule and by October I'm always exhausted, totally burnt out. I can't wait to come home and I don't want to see another motor bike.

PLAYBOY: You have a house in Lincolnshire in England. Is that your base during the Grand Prix season?

GARDNER: Last year I didn't use it very much at all because I bought a fairly large motor home and lived in that a lot of the time. Now I'm possibly going to sell the house and either buy a unit near London or a place in Monaco.

PLAYBOY: Tax problems, huh?

GARDNER: Mmm. Well, I'm not real sure about Monaco yet. It's just a possibility. I've grown to really love England and I have a great time there.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the motor home. Is it one of these block-long contraptions with micro-wave everything?

GARDNER: It's sort of like that, but actually I'm in the middle of buying a bigger one. I've sent my driver over to America to look at a few better ones. The one I've got right now is 32 feet long, it has air-conditioning and central heating, its own generator and so on. We've got a TV and video, a microwave and a nice bathroom with a shower. I like to park it right at the circuit because when you're in foreign countries all the time it's nice to have your own little world to retreat to. It's like having a little bit of Wollongong with me all the time. Donna and I stock it up with all the things from home that we like. When we get sick of living in a confined space we check into a hotel, but that's not very often. This new one I want to get is 40 feet long with a rear diesel engine. I want something huge and reliable that'll last me to the end of my racing career.

PLAYBOY: What are these things from home that you like? Meat pies? Vegemite?

GARDNER: Oh, yeah. We get videos of stuff on TV sent over. Mini-series and sports things, but what I really enjoy is the ads. By June or July I really look forward to getting hold of some good Australian ads.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult living in such a closely knit group for much of the year?

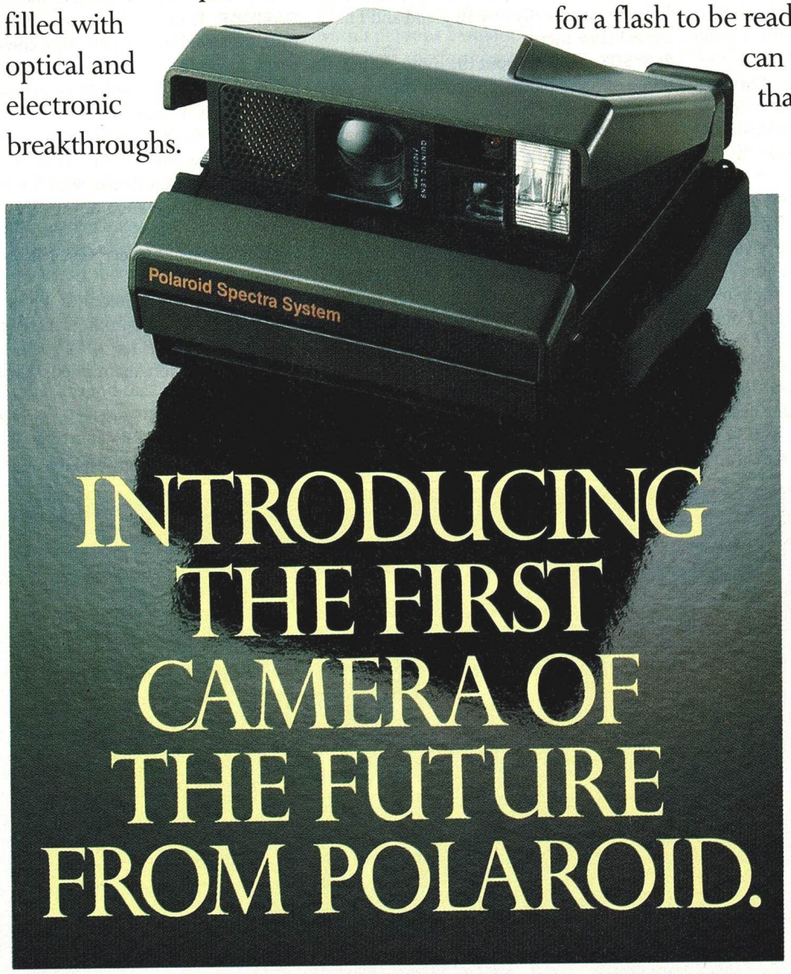
GARDNER: It has its moments. Most of the time we travel in a pretty large convoy but every so often I'll know it's time to break off. My driver goes with the mechanics and Donna and I take the motor home off somewhere for a break. Donna is a bit of a loner whereas I like to have friends around. I like to have a few drinks with the boys.

PLAYBOY: Does Donna always travel with you?

GARDNER: Not to every GP. Maybe seven out of 10.

PLAYBOY: There seemed to be a lot of politicking involved in the construction of your racing deal for 1987. Offers and counter offers were mentioned. What really happened?

GARDNER: Well, I've been with Honda in one team or another for five years now, but I've also known Kenny Roberts for quite a



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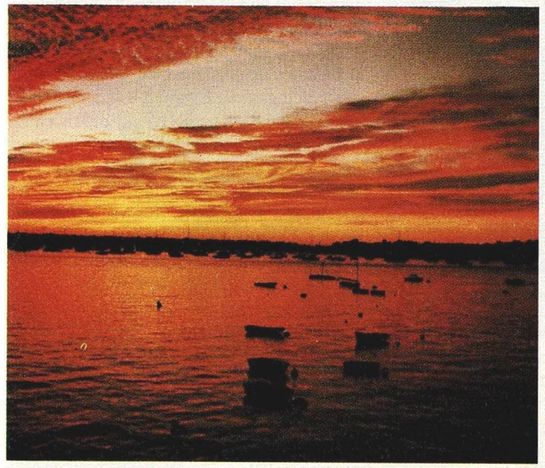

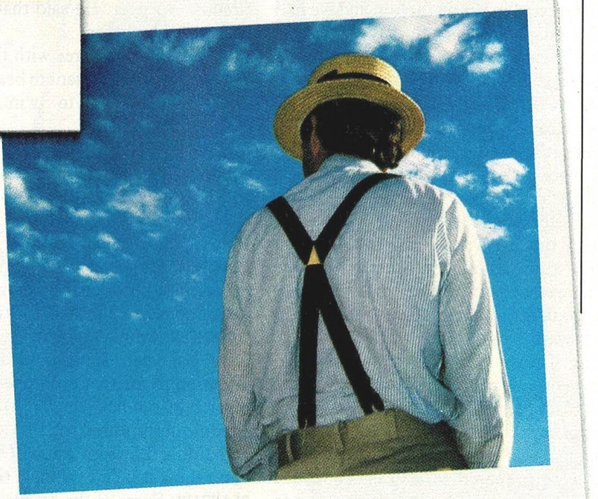

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Gardner: "I got such a buzz out of the acceleration and the power I knew it was for me."

while. We've got an excellent relationship. He respects my riding and I respect what he did in his racing career and what he's doing now with the Yamaha Lucky Strike team. Kenny started talking with me about my contract about the middle of the season. I was interested in riding for him and we had a series of phone calls all over the world before he came up with a very good offer. I couldn't believe how good it was financially, but he said maybe he could get me a bit more. I said yeah, that'd be a good idea because it's not quite enough. He got me even more. So I went back to Honda to see what their approach was. They made a stupid offer which I laughed at. They asked me how much I wanted so I told them an equally stupid amount the other way. There was an exchange of telexes for a while but they wouldn't up their offer so I told them that it wasn't good enough and that I'd be leaving. I was in London at this stage and they eventually made a new offer which still wasn't good enough. They asked me to come out to Japan and talk to them, but I explained that there was no point unless they were prepared to at least equal the Lucky Strike offer. But they kept at me to come out and I thought I owed them something, so I got on a plane. When I got there I couldn't believe it, they were still talking about less money. They're hard bastards to negotiate with, the Japanese. Anyway, I thanked them for their support over the years and got up to go. That was when they equalled Kenny's offer and then I had a real problem on my hands. It was a difficult decision to stick with Honda because Kenny's offer was very clearcut. There was no iffing or butting and I liked the people and the bikes. But I stayed. In another year, who knows? My main regret is that I may not get to benefit from Kenny Roberts's 17 years in racing. I haven't burnt my bridges with him though. He's been with Yamaha for 17 years and he knows how hard it is to leave. Kenny just wished me luck and told me to make sure I beat Freddie Spencer. He said that was what I had to watch out for.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with that analysis? That it's more important to beat your teammate than it is to win the world championship?

GARDNER: Yeah, I do. Kenny Roberts has been dealing with the Japanese for 20 years and he knows what they consider important. There's no doubt I've got to kick Freddie's arse in this year.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a danger of you becoming embroiled in a two-man feud and letting someone else steal the title?

GARDNER: I think that happened to Freddie a bit last year. He was paying so much attention to me that everyone was predicting a fight-out between the two of us. Then Freddie disappeared with his wrist problem and Eddie Lawson grabbed the crown. I don't think it'll be a problem this year.

PLAYBOY: Some of the details of your early life seem almost too good to be true. Did you really find your first bike on a rubbish tip?

GARDNER: That's absolutely true, I'd swear on a stack of Bibles. I've always been mechanically minded, always pulling things apart when I was very young. My dad drove trucks and I used to knock about with him and drive an old ute around in the quarry where he worked. I had a go-kart when I was 13 and I used to drive it around the school at weekends and around the industrial areas near home. One day a mate and I noticed this old bike half-buried in rubble and we bought it off the bloke for five dollars — $2.50 each. It had no front wheel but my mate's father fixed the engine for us and my father bought a wheel off a Yamaha 80 for it. I discarded the go-kart and we rode the bike everywhere for a few months. Then at Christmas our dads got us both mini-bikes. That was it for me. I was on it every minute. After school I'd ride it along the creek bed at the back of our house and on the weekends we'd ride the fire trails along the top of the mountains behind Wollongong. Later I met some people who raced mini-bikes over the back of the mountains and at Canberra and I slowly got into that.

I raced minis until I was 17 and then progressed to dirt tracking and then on to road racing when I was 18. I went to a club day at Oran Park with a friend and raced my motocross bike in the 125cc race. It seized and I borrowed my friend's 250cc road racer. He was a bit reluctant, but he gave it to me and I rode two seconds off the lap record. I got such a buzz out of the acceleration and the power I knew it was for me. I came home and told my dad and we went out and bought a 250 TZ second-hand and I started road racing. The first meeting I won and the second I broke my collarbone. The injury didn't deter me. I kept on racing and I was the first guy ever to get out of C grade in just one season. I progressed through the ranks very quickly.

PLAYBOY: Who were your motor bike heroes?

GARDNER: I'd read books and magazines about Kenny Roberts and Randy Mimola and people like that who were riding in Europe. Here, Gregg Hansford and Warren Willing, I suppose. I watched them, though, and always felt I could beat them if I ever got the chance. It was just a feeling I kept to myself most of the time.

PLAYBOY: The other Wayne Gardner legend concerns you getting the sack the day your apprenticeship finished.

GARDNER: That's pretty true, too. I worked as an apprentice fitter and turner at a place called Tubemakers at Kembla Grange, south of Wollongong, but by the time I was almost finished the four years I was heavily into racing and I took days off to race, and when I was there I spent a lot of time dreaming about bikes. There was an electrical apprentice of the same age and when he finished his time they put him off. The electricians kicked up a stink because the good worker had been put off and I hadn't. They were about to go on strike when I got the sack, too. I hung around Wollongong on the dole for a while, labored on a building site part-time, a few different things. I was still racing, of course, but I didn't have the money to pursue it so much.

Then two mates I was racing against went overseas. They went over to England and started to do really well, cleaning up races here and there. We used to dice for races in

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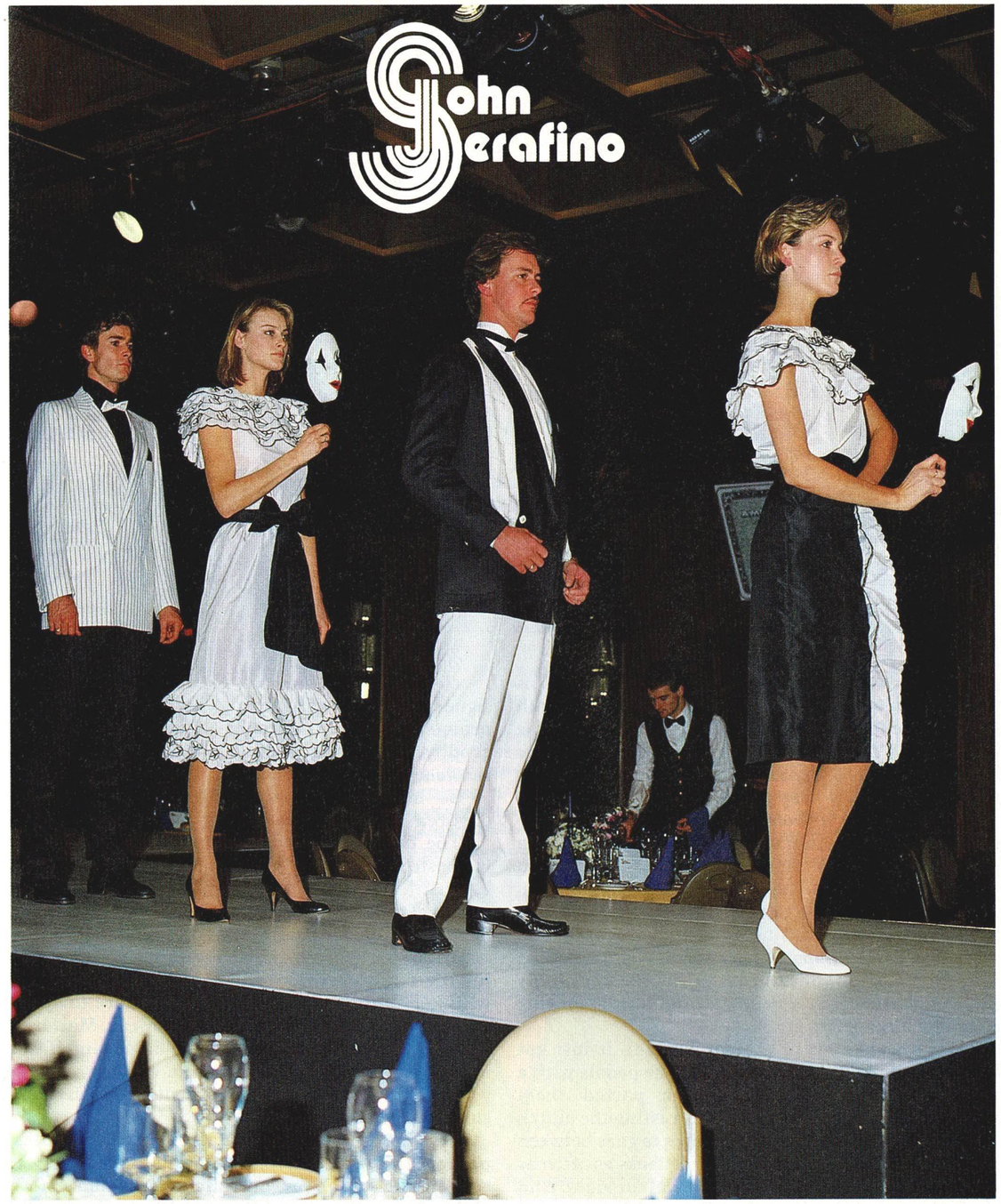

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USED CARMANSHIP

Down on Gasoline Alley there are blokes who'd sell their grandmother if they could wind her clock back.

Article by **ROB LUCK**

IT WAS a wicked, wilful gesture. In one smooth movement of body and limb, she eased behind the wheel of the car and hitched her hemline to the hips. It was both blatantly obvious and tantalisingly subtle.

"Now you have to promise me you'll do a very, very special price," she murmured, green eyes glistening at the stunned salesman in the passenger seat, "because I want us to be friends, and friends always look after each other's needs."

Her voice seemed to sing. He wrestled desperately with the implications of her words. Could this be happening to him? She was beautiful, she was nearly naked right there in the next seat, and she was putting it on him already.

They wheeled out of the car lot, and it just got worse: her long, long legs caressed the pedals with a purposeful pumping action. She parted them provocatively as often as possible, resting the clutch foot over to one side, enticing his eyes to gaze between her thighs. She tossed her bouncing locks as often as she checked the mirror or looked to left or right. And she let her spare hand wander all over the cleavage of her dress. Sometimes her highly glazed fingertips would slide enticingly inside, right to where he could see the outline of her nipple. Sometimes her hand would drop, half-catching at the material to reveal most of her large breasts.

It was torture on wheels, and the salesman wished he had brought his coat to place across his lap. He was glad when he was back in the sanctuary of his glass cubicle, behind his desk, in control again, with his obviously activated manhood out of sight.

A half-hour later it was done. All the papers were signed, and she was leaving, asking for his card, promising to call him for a drink, waving a warm goodbye, flaunting her body at the rest of the showroom as she strutted out.

"So howdja go, Eddy?" He jerked out of his daydream to see J.R. leering through his open door.

"The deal or the tart, J.R., which one's got you interested, eh?" He was ready for J.R. anytime because J.R. was so bloody obvious.

"Forget the slut, Eddy. I can see your stupid brain's dropped into your pants. What didja sell her?"

"Your sport car. 'member the coupe you dropped in a big way last week? Well, J.R., I just pinged it. And with her shitbox trade I got a grand more than the sticker and we'll still cream off on her car. Matter of fact, J.R., I already have her car sold, too, and if you don't mind I'm just gonna make a call to the dude who's takin' it, so will ya piss off outta me office so I can get on with it!"

Yeah, the used-car salesman. Tougher than Dallas, perhaps the only individual who can think clearly in the middle of an uncontrollable erection, more ruthless than the real J.R. and able to financially manipulate the most beautiful of women.

Every year, hundreds of thousands of Australians buy a used car. By statistical definition, that's the second most important purchase of your life. But, since many people don't ever get to make the first most important purchase (a chunk of real estate), a car can be *the* most important. Most of those people are normal, hangabout, workaday individuals who approach life with a generally cautious attitude. They read hundreds of newspaper ads before buying a fridge or washer, they make dozens of phone calls to

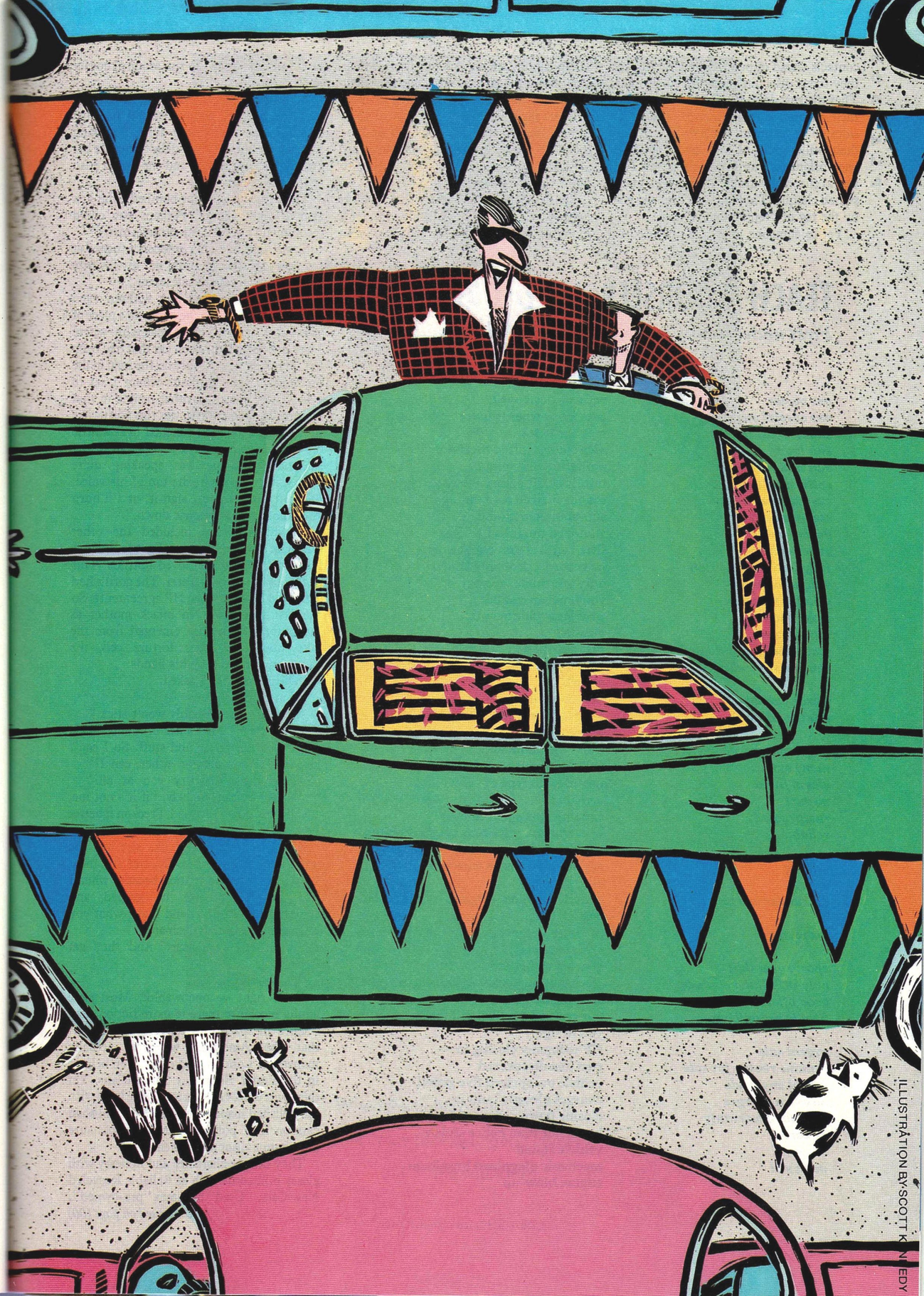


ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

contacts ahead of purchasing a camera and they scour discount shops for stereo deals. They distrust door-to-door salesmen, avoid their insurance representative and deftly sidestep investment brokers. They keep their wallet glued to their body, and their bank balance is a torture-proof secret. They would cheerfully die before issuing a blank, signed cheque. They trust no one who goes by the tag of "representative".

Yet to someone known as the used-car salesman they are prepared to disclose their innermost money secrets, entrust their future mobility and sign over their savings. Like virgin consumers, they spread their income and assets wide and willing. It is therefore hardly surprising that there are used-car salesmen ready and waiting to screw those customers.

She sashayed up to me at a party, eyelids batting, and purred, "Ooh, I hear you are a motoring writer. Could you tell me what to buy, just, you know, to run around the city in?"

"I think a Leopard tank would do you just fine." Cruel, but accurate. I had just watched her deaf-and-dumb parking manoeuvre outside. She didn't hear her car crunch the one behind and she didn't rush to tell the owner.

The send-up attempt bombed. She just cruised right along. "Perhaps you could recommend a good used-car salesman?"

Something about her innocence tugged at my heart strings, so I told her my favorite story about a used-car salesman. . .

I first got to know him without even meeting him. He was the name on a piece of paper that I carried into a dealership where I was due to pick up a test car that had been left there. He was the face on the man in the little office right opposite where I sat to wait. There were two other people in that little room. One of them was this gorilla in a blue singlet. He was hunched over a little old lady cowering in a seat opposite the salesman. And he was speaking quite persuasively to her at the top of his voice. "Sign it, mother, just sign it, or I'll burn your bloody chook house down."

As the audience included the other salesman in the showroom, I got to find out the story. The gorilla loved hotrods. This dealer had a real ball-tearer. The gorilla had defaulted his past three HP agreements. So the last resort was to hijack mother as guarantor. When they emerged from the fake wood and glass torture cell, the salesman was rubbing his hands.

"Did she sign?" I asked.

"You betcha."

"But the deal probably won't stick."

"Who cares? That's her problem. She's got assets, the house and stuff. So I can't lose me HP commission either, can I?"

"That doesn't worry you at all?"

"Nah," he said quickly, "if it's not me, it's the guy down the road. I reckon it better be me."

The cutey-pie looked like she had the attention span of a blowfly, but she must have been paying attention because when I had done, she sort of gulped and stammered, "And. . . and that's what you call a good used-car salesman?"

"Right on, sweetheart. And they get *worse*."

"Oooowahhh."

Dead right — oooowahhh. Most sane adults recognise there is more fiction than science in space movies, refuse to accept that the American werewolf actually monstered London, and don't even believe in the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus. Yet they *trust* used-car salesmen. The boys with the polished manners to match the polished cars on their polished parquet floors sure ain't gonna disappoint them. . .

They deliver character and honesty with glossy billboards such as Reliable Recycled New Cars. "Used" becomes "pre-owned",

(continued on page 100)

TEACH YOURSELF USED-CARSPEAK

First understand your salesman. His patter could be as dodgy as his cars.

one owner	**records destroyed**
one careful owner	**previous owner repaired damage**
suit new car buyer	**new car price**
suit lady	**nice color, stuffed mechanicals**
suit mature driver	**pathetic performance**
enthusiast's car	**totally stuffed, thrashed by lunatic**
ex-manager's car	**manager fired for trading this junk**
standard model	**sub-standard model**
deluxe model	**standard model with visors**
super deluxe model	**fitted with stolen badgework**
fully imported version	**no records, probably stolen**
unique example	**only one made, no spares**
genuine investment	**you'll never resell it**
looks good	**problems painted over**
immac cond	**cleaned**
fastidiously maintained	**just polished**
concourse condition	**elaborate repaint disguises serious smash**
words cannot describe	**unbelievably bad**
mint condition	**interior sprayed with spearmint deodoriser**
mech sound	**noisy mechanicals**
many extras	**standard equipment when new**
alarm fitted	**most stolen type of vehicle**
no rust	**...visible**
rustproofed	**existing rust sprayed over**
reliable	**breakdowns will occur after warranty expires**
full reg	**registration cost is true value**
unreg	**unregistrable**
still under warranty	**complete lemon, original owner bailed out**
new tyres	**previous owner used car for sprint-races**
sporty gearshift	**gearbox collapse imminent**
only 10,000km since new	**clock wound back to 10,000km**
good off-road	**steering defective**
first to see will buy	**our trained gorillas will force you to sign**
urgent sale	**HP company closing in**
genuine reason for sale	**rust just discovered**
accept any trade	**vehicle overpriced five grand**
no extra charges	**charges already built in**
unlimited warranty	**closing down next week**
be early	**be earlier than police stolen vehicle squad**
must sell	**mechanic diagnosed imminent engine blow-up**

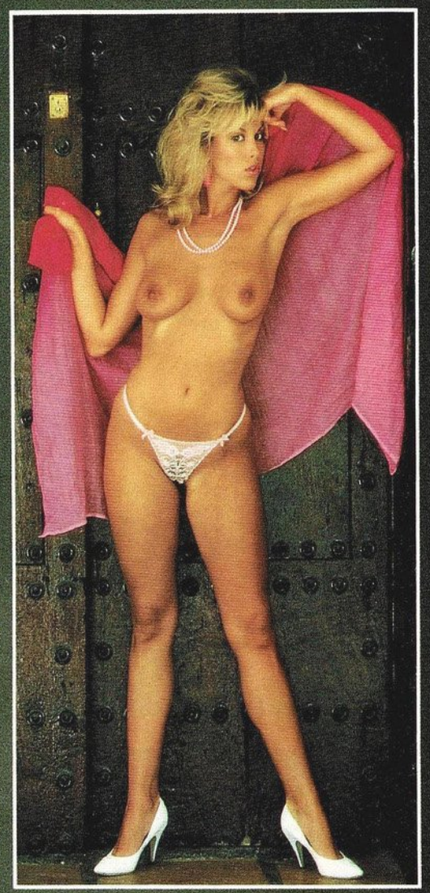
GOODNIGHT, IRENE!

When the lights go down, Irene's fine array of sexy lingerie comes out of the cupboard.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESLIE TURTLE

Lithe and lovely Irene Sullivan works in an exclusive lingerie boutique. "I love my job," she tells us, "but I spend a lot of the money I earn on buying beautiful underwear and flimsy nightgowns. I'd be a lot richer if I worked in a cake shop!" With that sensational figure, we can see cakes don't play a large part in Irene's life. She keeps fit by horse riding whenever she can and she swims at a friend's pool every morning. Irene also takes singing lessons in her spare time. "I started off just singing in the shower and then my parents told me I had a really good voice. I'm quite serious about my voice coaching and would love to break into the recording industry."

Meanwhile Irene spends a lot of time singing along to her favorite Diana Ross records and floating around her big, airy apartment in her collection of fabulous underwear. "These garments are so sexy," she says. "Far more sexy than total nudity. The real eroticism is in the promise, not the delivery!" That may sound like a commercial for Irene's boutique but, in our opinion, she's the best walking advertisement any company ever had ...



"I love the feel of soft, slinky material against my body. It's a very erotic sensation. And I like men with soft hands ... it's wonderful to be touched by a tender, caring man."

So you'd better learn to play your cards right.

THE CASINOS ARE COMING

Article by
TONY MAGUIRE

AT ANY TIME of the day or night at Jupiters Casino at Broadbeach on the Gold Coast, you may encounter a blackjack enthusiast called Peter Wake (he uses a different name there, but that's his real one). If you look closely at Wake's feet as he plays, you will notice they're constantly on the move. Nerves, you'll probably conclude. No, that's Wake's method of counting the cards.

Card-counting exists in the shadowy, green-baized area between cheating and fair play. If you're not on the dealer's side of the blackjack table, it seems a harmless enough pursuit. All you do is keep a running tally of the cards being dealt. But Australian casinos view counting seriously enough to bar its exponents. And in the US state of Nevada, more drastic things have happened. Tales abound there of bullet-ridden bodies in the desert, counters who've been warned off but returned to the tables.

For this, my friends, is the gambling system that really works. The bad news, however, is that it's not easy, although it would be if it didn't have to be carried out surreptitiously. But then, for those who master the technique, the challenge of not getting caught no doubt adds to the flavor of their winnings.

To learn Peter Wake's counting method, you'll have to part with $695. That's the price of the blackjack courses he has been promoting recently through newspaper ads. In between his playing stints at Jupiters, he has started running a card school out of his home in Sydney's eastern suburbs.

The reason, by the way, that Wake favors the Broadbeach casino is because it adheres to Atlantic City blackjack rules which make card-counting a great deal easier than in other legal Australian gambling houses, where London rules apply. In the latter game, the dealer is allowed to cut the deck, thus foiling any counters.

Which game will be played at Sydney's Darling Harbor casino when it opens is still up in the air. But its sheer size — 400 blackjack tables, more than any other gaming house in the world — will make it an attractive proposition for card-counters wanting to keep a low profile (even playing London rules, Wake says it's possible to make a handsome profit so long as you're not caught out).

Hence, Wake is positioning himself as a blackjack guru to aspiring high rollers at the Darling Harbor casino. Pupils must pay their $695 up front, but they get a written guarantee undertaking to refund the money "if the end result is not satisfactory". As part of his sales pitch, he tells how his system is "similar to one used by a team of players to lift more than $4 million from US casinos in the 1970s".

Okay, where's the catch? I'm sure some of the more sceptical among you are asking that question right now.

Well, to make card-counting really pay, you need a bank of at least $10,000, according to Wake. And to avoid detection by pit personnel, betting increases must be modest. You have to spend many long, hard, sober hours at the blackjack table. Gradual though your gains are, Wake claims you can win an average of $200 an hour playing green chips ($25) at Jupiters.

Before being inducted into the mysteries of counting, Wake's apprentices first have to master the basic strategy of blackjack, the object of which is, as anyone who has ever played pontoon will know, to get as near to 21 as you can without "busting". And specifically, nearer to 21 than the dealer. The values of the cards are: ace, 1 or 11; royal cards, 10; others, face value.

You place your first bet and get an initial two cards, as does the dealer. Then you decide whether to hit (take another card), stand (stick with the ones you've got),

split (divide a pair) or double (when you're allowed to double your bet on 9, 10 or 11).

Here we should explain some further differences between London rules and Atlantic City ones. In the London deal, you don't split an eight against a picture card or ace, nor an ace against an ace. And you can't double down 11 against 10. Wake says those restrictions reduce your winnings under London rules by five percent as compared to the Atlantic City/Jupiters game. Unless, of course, the dealer cuts the deck, in which case you find yourself up the card-playing equivalent of shit creek. But back to basic strategy!

Wake supplies pupils with a chart showing how to proceed in every possible combination of hands. All that information would be hard to remember if not for a series of mnemonics he has put down on tape.

Pupils listen to him reciting a series of rhymes on blackjack strategy. For example: "When dealer has six or under, from 12 through 16, you stand. In this there'll be no blunder, excepting when you've 12 you see, for then you hit his two or three."

Once they've mastered basic strategy, Wake's pupils are told to go out and practise it (he says there's no shortage of illegal blackjack games in Sydney). Modest betting is the name of the game here, as you can't expect to start raking in the chips at this point. The next step is for students to get back in touch with Wake, who tests their skills. And, if the exam goes well, the blackjack guru begins instruction in his counting method.

Under his system, one of your feet adopts different positions to maintain a running tally of all the cards leaving the deck. The other foot keeps a tag on the number of aces dealt. This is accomplished by using special values which are invested in the cards for counting purposes — + 1 for two through to six; zero for seven, eight and ace, and - 1 for nine, 10 and court cards.

Says Wake: "When large cards are removed from the deck, the house has the advantage. When small cards are removed, the player has the advantage. You count high cards against low cards and that enables you to set the pace. You only make large bets when the advantage is in your favor." But he stresses: "You must never dramatically increase your bet. Otherwise you'll give away what you're up to and get barred. You go up gradually, never more than doubling the bet that you win."

He claims it is house policy to bar counters at Jupiters Casino, citing the banishing of well-known gambler Tony Zenko who, says Wake, made the very mistake that he cautions against.

Wake says the biggest single amount that he's walked away from a blackjack bender with was $140,000. That was in 1971, in Las Vegas.

At present, he doesn't appear to be doing too badly for himself, living in a modernised terrace house with a swimming pool out back (in fact, it's just about all there is out back, as the yard is a small one). The back gates open directly on to Queens Park, the view of which is complemented by one of the best panoramas of Sydney available from a six-figure piece of real estate.

Newspaper files attest to the fact that Peter Wake hasn't always had a smooth ride. In 1969, when he was a bookmaker, Harold Park stewards disqualified him from holding a bookmaker's licence but after a number of appeals he was reinstated.

Wake subsequently sued John Fairfax and Sons for libel over a series of reports in *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Sun* on running of greyhounds at Harold Park. He won a $150,000 verdict, only to lose it on appeal by Fairfax. The court ordered a retrial that never took place.

Those past events are no doubt seen by Wake as cruel hands dealt by fate. So far, blackjack appears to have treated him more courteously. "I've never been barred, nor have any of my students," he says.

Wake: "You must never dramatically increase your bet. Otherwise you'll give away what you're up to and get barred. You go up gradually. . ."

But you've got to ask yourself, as you do when you hear or read about any get-rich scheme, if it's so successful, why does he need to flog it? If Peter Wake can make $200 an hour, or converting that to a 38-hour week, $7600, on the tables at Jupiters, why is he hawking his system?

Perhaps the answer is that Peter Wake is getting old (well — 51 years old, anyway) and tired. Tired of countless hours spent counting the cards and going to bed at night with his head flooded with images of aces and twos, feet still tapping out their numerical code ...

He claims the motivation behind his courses is not mere pecuniary gain. "Money doesn't interest me that much any more," he says as a friend uncorks a $30 bottle of Moet champagne (one of three Wake had sent out for earlier). According to Wake, his love affair with blackjack boils down to a simple need to "beat the bastards". And helping others prepare for battle is almost as satisfying as first-hand combat.

The "bastards" referred to by Wake are the blackjack dealers. "Smart-arse Poms from the Mayfair Club in London, every one of them," he maintains. "They treat everyone who comes in as though they've got MUG stamped on their foreheads in big letters."

He feels equally strongly about the way card-counters run the risk of being barred by casinos. "They bar you for thinking, because that's all you're doing when you count the cards."

To get a different perspective on card-counting, I sought comment from Jupiters, which would seem to be the counter's paradise among Australia's eight legal casinos. On Saturday nights up to 25,000 people pass through its doors and a certain number of them are card-counters. The Gold Coast casino opened in November 1985, and on the first day a counter using an alias was barred from the blackjack tables under section 92 of the Queensland Casino Control Act.

A Jupiters official contacted for a comment on the situation admitted there had been the one early incident but denied that it was house policy to bar counters as maintained by Wake. For comment on the Casino Act's controversial section 92 — which allows counters and other players to be barred — I was referred to the Queensland government, ie they passed the buck.

However, the general manager of Hobart's Wrest Point casino, Peter Barnard, was more forthcoming. He said counters used to frequent Wrest Point, but since the opening of larger casinos elsewhere in Australia, they had mostly moved on. Mr Barnard acknowledged counting as a well-tried system which can indeed give the player a winning edge over the house. But he went on to say: "To pay $695 to learn it is nonsense. The problem with counting is that it's very boring and you've virtually got to live in the casino. It's common for counters to play for 10 to 20 hours a day. You also need an enormous bank.

"To start off properly, you'd need $20,000. That's because you can sustain large losses as you wait for opportunities to arise. The eventual aim of the system is to take X amount of dollars per hour. In the build-up, you might go down."

Does Wrest Point bar players for counting?

"No, we don't throw you out," replied Barnard. "But we can recognise counters by their method of betting and make life a bit more difficult for them.

"We play with eight packs of cards and when there's a known counter at a table, we cut the cards in half or even less so it causes as little disruption to other players as possible. I'm not saying that counters haven't devised a method whereby they can avoid detection. Maybe in a larger place than ours they could."

Meanwhile, Wake's activities do not go undetected by the Australian Tax Office. He says he currently owes the taxman $36,000 (he puts in his return as "professional gambler"). "But," he concludes, "I've been broke a million times."

MAX, HAVE WE GOT A GIRL FOR YOU!

we zapped 20 minutes into the future to come up with the one thing max headroom doesn't have

NOW THAT YOU'VE read all about his successes, you probably think that Max Headroom's got it all, right? Not quite.

Despite his charming exterior, Max, it appears, is a loner: no computer-generated babe to gently charge his electrofield; no companion with whom to share program time once the test pattern has clicked on for the night.

Nobody, that is, until now. After all, even Frankenstein had a bride. We figured Max should have a compatible interface. She'd have to be everything Max is, of course — smirky, quirky, a bit plastic-looking. But, more in keeping with the PLAYBOY tradition, she'd have to be beautiful.

So here she is, ladies and gentlemen of the airwaves — turn on to Maxine Legroom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PRODUCED BY KERIG POPE/MAKEUP BY ART ANTHONY/WARDROBE BY BRENDA JOHNSON/KALIBRE JEWELRY, COURTESY OF POMPIAN

MAXINE: "It's great to be PLAYBOY's first computer-generated Playmate. And I can hardly wait to go on line with Max Headroom. I'd like to mangle his mainframe and interface my floppy function with his hardware. Oh, gosh, did I actually say that?"

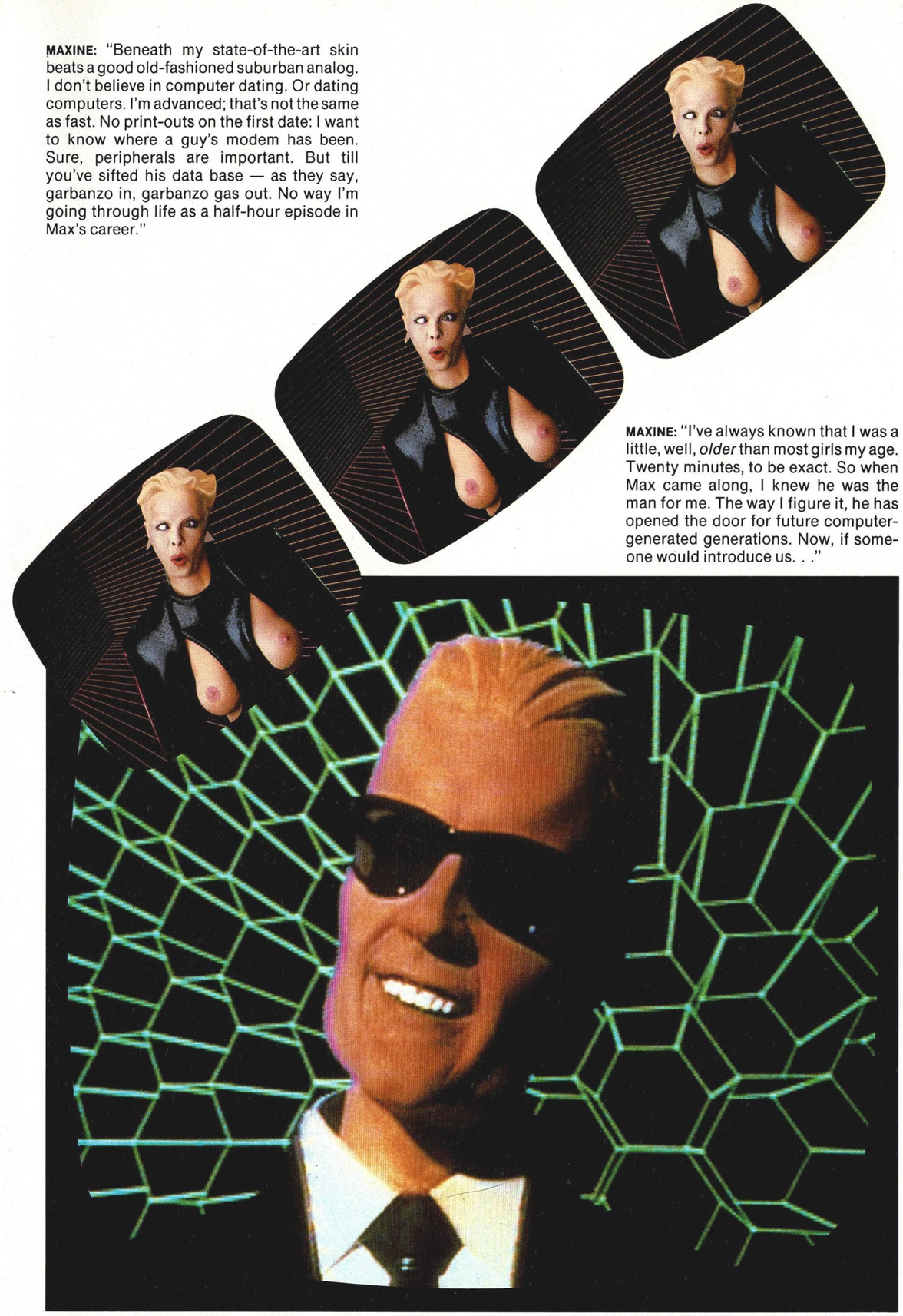
MAXINE: "If I met Max? Gee, I don't know. First thing, my tint would probably go completely red. Then my vertical would zap outa whack. But once I'd warmed up, our joint reception should be compatible. I've got binaries he'd love to take a byte of."

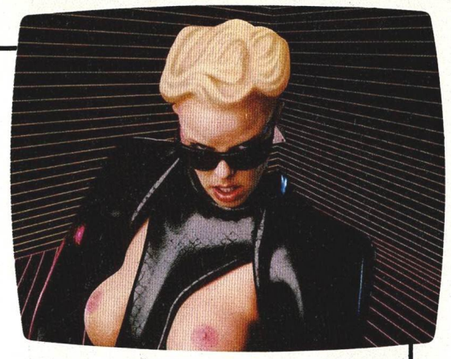
MAXINE: "Max has proved that there *is* a future in TV. And when I say in TV, I mean *in* TV. I don't plan to model my career after his, mind you. I may be more user-friendly than he is. But for the time being, you can tell the press we're on the same wave length."

MAXINE: "My mum is behind me 100 percent. She's one of those solid, state-of-the-art model parents who believe that kids should tune in and turn on whatever and whenever they want. My dad's different. He sees things only in black and white."

MAXINE: "Beneath my state-of-the-art skin beats a good old-fashioned suburban analog. I don't believe in computer dating. Or dating computers. I'm advanced; that's not the same as fast. No print-outs on the first date: I want to know where a guy's modem has been. Sure, peripherals are important. But till you've sifted his data base — as they say, garbanzo in, garbanzo gas out. No way I'm going through life as a half-hour episode in Max's career."

MAXINE: "I've always known that I was a little, well, *older* than most girls my age. Twenty minutes, to be exact. So when Max came along, I knew he was the man for me. The way I figure it, he has opened the door for future computer-generated generations. Now, if someone would introduce us. . ."





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Maxine Legroom

BUST, WAIST, HIPS, HEIGHT, WEIGHT: Vary with mood and screen size.

BIRTH DATE: Yesterday.

BIRTHPLACE: Industrial Lust & Magic.

AMBITION: To be reprogrammed as the first 3-D hologram foldout.

TURN-ONS: Laser massages, electrical storms, high-tech lingerie.

TURN-OFFS: Hackers, signal scramblers, guys who dump their programs with a single stroke.

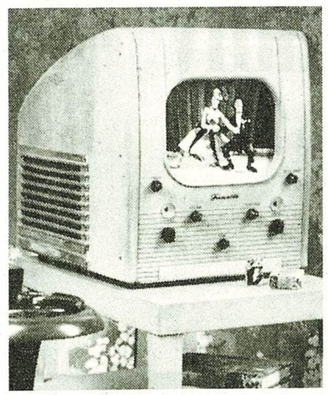
FAVORITE BOOKS: What's a book?

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Betty Boop, Barbarella, the Jetsons.

FAVORITE SPORT: People watching.

IDEAL MAN: Max Headroom from the neck down.

SECRET FANTASY: To spend an evening in Paul Shaffer's synthesizer.



1943/My earliest incarnation, as a V-2 scientist's synthetic polka partner.

1984/My first close-up. Hair of the dog!

Late 1984/The basement tapes--my programmer finally finds my boobs!

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD

20 QUESTIONS: TOM CRUISE

The modern screen's top gun describes the risky business of making all the right moves with no thought for the color of money.

Tom Cruise was burned out. The previous day's shooting on The Color Of Money, a sequel to The Hustler, in which he co-stars with Paul Newman, had run into the early hours of an icy Chicago morning. Now, what the 23-year-old actor wanted most was some sack time. But it would have to wait. Instead, in preparation for his talk with ***David Rensin****, Cruise had reserved a suite at the Ritz-Carlton and had ordered coffee, tea, orange juice, croissants and assorted fruits. He wore cuffed-and-pleated slacks, a red shirt and cowboy boots. His hair was cut close, and he sported a gold-plated stud in his pierced left ear. "It's something my character, Vincent, wears," he offered. "After this is all over, I may just let the hole close up."*

1.

PLAYBOY: You get very involved in each film you make. Since there is usually a well-defined separation of powers in the movie business, how do you get your way? What kind of resistance have you encountered?

CRUISE: It's always seemed natural to me to be involved. I love movies. I'm really interested in the whole film process: editing, make-up, acting, how it gets to the screen. I like working closely with a director, and that means finding one I can trust. Paul Brickman, for example, who directed *Risky Business*, could really listen. When I worked with Ridley Scott on *Legend*, I went to script meetings and talked with the writer, William Hjortsberg.

Doing *Top Gun* is probably the best example. I don't like to be at the mercy of scripts already written. This script happened to have been written with me in mind. When I met with the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, I told them I was interested in the project but that I wanted a couple of months to see where the script went and that I would commit to the film on that basis. At first, Don, who has a pretty good story sense, was a little apprehensive. But after a script meeting, he began to trust me. Eventually, I spent a lot of time going down to San Diego and the air base and coming back to LA with information for the script.

Now I have my own development deal at Columbia Pictures. It's what I've always wanted to do.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any free career advice for your peers?

CRUISE: Take big risks. You've got to. I'm constantly looking for material that will expand me. I want my characters to be fresh and real. Was it Spencer Tracy who said, "Acting is great. Just don't ever let anyone catch you doing it"?

3.

PLAYBOY: You suggested that we ask you about the three stages of an actor's career. What are they?

CRUISE: This is classy. I'm stealing this from Newman. One day he comes to see me and says that the first stage of an actor's career is when he shows up on the set and says, "You should have seen the girl I was with last night. God. I didn't sleep. She was amazing." In the second stage, he's a leading man. He says, "You know, I found the most wonderful restaurant. You wouldn't believe the fish." By the third stage, he's a character actor. Now he says, "Oh, I had the most lovely bowel movement last night." Newman's a funny guy. We love telling each other jokes. We see who can tell the worst.

4.

PLAYBOY: What can an actor — like you — still in the first stage of his career learn from watching Newman? Ever watch him cook?

CRUISE: Mostly, I get the sense that there's a life beyond film. He's got a family. He's had the same wife for years. To a young actor, that's inspiring. Sometimes I'm working so much that I'm alone 95 percent of the time. It's tough having a relationship, because when I'm doing a film, that's all I think about. I've done only eight films and Newman's done about 60. And with each film, I can feel myself becoming more and more relaxed. So seeing him, his ease and what he's achieved, makes me think that it's possible for me.

Yeah, I've watched him cook. He prepares cod and ham hocks and a fantastic steamed lobster.

5.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all: Are you part of the so-called Brat Pack, along with Sean Penn, Emilio Estevez, Judd Nelson and so on?

CRUISE: It's something that the press made up. I want no part of any Brat Pack. Putting me in there is absolutely absurd and it pisses me off, because I work hard and then some guy just slaps me together with everybody else. We're all different. Paul Newman said to me, "The only way you are going to survive is learning how to get thick-skinned about some things." If I seem angry now, it's because I've been working very hard, I'm tired and the whole thing is just so much bull. This used to bother me a lot more. But one morning I woke up and said, "Why am I giving these guys the power? Forget it."

6.

PLAYBOY: Just how much fun can you have in a jet fighter?

CRUISE: Landing on a carrier deck in an F-14 has been described as having sex in a car wreck. I've always enjoyed going fast. I've always wanted to be a fighter pilot. I enjoy competition, though not in terms of war and battles — I'm not a warmonger. I just love jets and flying — in the romantic sense. During *Top Gun*, it was such a thrill for me to go to the officers' club in San Diego and talk with World War Two fighter pilots about combat. Now, with air-combat manoeuvring, there's a computer in each plane. Everything is calculated by computer, so that combat is a huge video game. The A-4s and F-5s simulate Migs. You get the conditions: hard deck at 2000m. You make a head-to-head pass and enter combat. It's like two warriors jousting. You see the fighters coming down, full throttle, to the deck, the exhaust just ripping out of the planes as they tear over the desert canopy to canopy, inches apart. The key thing is to try to get nose to tail on the enemy aircraft. We've also got missiles to shoot head on. But since it's all computer-guided, there's a chance the missile won't go off. So you have to switch to guns. When you're down on the ground, you can listen to the pilots' voices in combat and see it all on a big video screen from the pilots' point of view.

7.

PLAYBOY: If you could ask Chuck Yeager one question, what would it be?

CRUISE: Why are you still alive?

8.

PLAYBOY: When are you most dangerous?

CRUISE: At about 250km/h on my motorcycle. It goes 260.

9.

PLAYBOY: Say you're going 110. What goes through your head as you wind it out?

CRUISE: [*Grins*] Okay, it's like this: A Porsche cuts in front of me because the guy doesn't see me. So I calmly pull up next to him and honk my horn and say, "What do

you think you're doing?" But he just takes off, thinking that he's in a Porsche and I'm just on a bike. So I lay across the tank and pull the throttle back a little bit. I start to pass things. The Ninja begins to bear down as I speed up. I see the tail-lights of the Porsche coming closer and closer. Then, as I'm passing, I look right into the big, surprised eyes of the driver.

The Ninja really holds the road, so I don't worry about balance. But I wouldn't do this on roads I didn't know, either. I just like going fast, but [*snaps fingers*] anything can happen.

10.

PLAYBOY: There have been varying interpretations of your breakthrough film, *Risky Business*. What would you tell a film school class the picture was about?

CRUISE: It's about capitalism and the idea that there has to be more to life than making money. Joel Goodsen is a kid from upper-middle-class society who has an ultimate capitalist adventure by organising callgirls — the ultimate capitalists. I love the way Rebecca De Mornay played her part, because she didn't do the happy hooker. There was sadness and reality. She asks, "Why does it always have to be so tough?" Then, when Joel says, "My name is Joel Goodsen and I grossed $8000 in one night," he is really saying that he now understands the system and that he's not going to play.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your name has been linked lately with those of a few actresses. Would you rather have a girlfriend in or out of the movie business?

CRUISE: Again, the press makes things up. I haven't been in a relationship with anyone since Rebecca.

I'm not really sure whether it is an advantage to be with someone in the business. I know I need someone who is adaptable, someone who can go from one extreme environment to the next and not go crazy. Sometimes I get up in the middle of the night and want to work. Other times, I can sleep for days. And I'm always going from one location to the next. I want someone extremely bright and creative. That kind of woman is likely to be pursuing her own vision in life, which for me is ideal. I don't want someone living for and depending on me for everything, because I *do* need a lot of time alone.

But just as I'm still at the beginning of my career as an artist, it's the same in relationships. I'm not looking to get married right now. But I love to be in love. That's what makes it all worth while. Outside of a high school sweetheart I went with for about seven months, Rebecca was my first serious girlfriend. Living with her was fantastic. She's bright, talented. I've since dated women other than actresses — no, not the check-out girl at the local supermarket. [*Laughs*] Lawyers, writers, artists. But in the final analysis, it's just the person, isn't it? Who knows? One day, I'll just be walking down the street and there she'll be.

12.

PLAYBOY: Whose company do you enjoy more — women's or men's?

CRUISE: Women's. I like the company of men, but I *prefer* women. Maybe it has to do with having three sisters. I trust women easier than men. Also, I got to see all the stuff they went through. I know that women are at their worst in the morning. [*Laughs*] I used to talk with my sisters about women. I saw how they liked to be treated, what upset them. We were close. And now I am very careful with the women I date. I treat them the way I would want my sisters to be treated.

13.

PLAYBOY: We loved the train scene from *Risky Business*. Whom would you like to have directed in it?

CRUISE: [*Long pause*] Hmmm. Who would I like to see make love on a train? Sean Penn and Madonna? Bruce Willis and Cybill Shepherd? Actually, I see more of Kim Basinger and. . . Paul Newman. I'll throw him in there so he can have a good time.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite acting-profession joke?

CRUISE: A guy is in a bar, talking to the bartender. He seems down and out, and the bartender is concerned. "The problem," the guy says, "is that I have an IQ of 185 and I can't find anyone to have a decent conversation with." Just then, the guy two seats away pipes up, "An IQ of 185? Mine's 184." So they start talking about Star Wars technology, black holes in space, theoretical mathematics. Farther down the bar, another guys says, "I have the same problem. My IQ is 135 and I can't find anyone to talk to." But a guy a couple of seats away says, "One thirty-five? Mine's 134." So they talk about their new BMWs, the best pasta, business. Finally, a guy near the end of the bar says, "Wow. I have the, uh, same problem. My IQ is. . . 85, and there's, uh, no one to talk to." But the guy next to him says, "Eighty-five? Mine is. . . 84. . . can we talk?" "Sure," says the first guy. "About what?" "I don't know," says his new friend. "Let's see. Uh. . . been on any good auditions lately?"

15.

PLAYBOY: Defend Sean Penn.

CRUISE: He got a bum rap from the press with *Racing With The Moon*. The film didn't do well, not just because he wouldn't promote it. He did his job. He did hard work. If you feel comfortable doing interviews, fine. But if they make you nervous or you have nothing to say, why should you be pressured into doing them? Now everything he does is blown out of proportion. It must be a drag. And then he married Madonna — the wedding with all the helicopters, it was absurd. Though when you marry Madonna, it *is* pretty hard to keep things private. It was a beautiful setting, but the helicopters made it difficult to hear what was being said. The last time I saw Sean, he was really calm, feeling good about himself, focused, getting ready for another movie. What's important is the work an actor does. There he delivers.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the most ridiculous rumor you've heard about yourself?

CRUISE: On the set of *Top Gun*, Duke Cunningham, a naval ace, came up to me and said, "Congratulations, Tom, about your new house."

I said, "My house?"

"Yeah, didn't you just buy a house next door to Cyndi Lauper in Connecticut?"

I said, "Wow. If I did, it must have been a hell of a night last night."

17.

PLAYBOY: When you cook to seduce, what's your meal of choice?

CRUISE: I make reservations. A bottle of Chateau Lafite at dinner is also nice.

18.

PLAYBOY: When in your career has a movie critic gone too far?

CRUISE: I read a review of my dance number in *Risky Business* that somehow failed to talk about my work. After I'd worked so hard to create a character, that was frustrating. Critics are supposed to educate the audience by discussing what they like and don't like about a film. But when one comments on the clothes I wear or how I talk, then I feel like saying, "Hey, just do your job." I don't read a lot of reviews, because if I believe all the great ones, then I have to believe the bad ones. I want people to like and respect my work, but I essentially do films for me.

19.

PLAYBOY: In *Risky Business*, Joel was urged to adopt the attitude "What the fuck." Was there a point in your life at which you did the same?

CRUISE: I think my whole life is "What the fuck." My family travelled. Each year, I was the new kid in school. I knew there was always going to be some jerk who would take a cut at me. Someone was going to say something weird about my sister. I learned early on to take a deep breath and go for it.

20.

PLAYBOY: Okay, let's see if you'll go for this: If you could be any woman you wanted to be for a day, who would that be?

CRUISE: The perfect woman.

URBAN MISS

Luscious Julie Peterson has moved to the city. And things haven't been quite the same since.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR AND ARNY FREYTAG

Julie Peterson may be a country girl but she has big city aspirations. "Growing up in the country I was kind of a loner and I spent most of my time with horses. I took track horses that weren't very good at racing and retrained them as competition horses. I specialised in cross-country, stadium jumping and dressage, which is very delicate, almost like dancing," says Julie. Hitting the bright lights of a big city came as a culture shock to Julie. "I'm aware of the temptations of the fast life," she laughs. "But I reckon just about any experience you can have in the city you can also have in the country. I don't think I'll run into any dangers or temptations I haven't already seen!"

The first thing you notice about Julie is her voice: deep, with soft, husky undertones like those you want to hear on late-night radio when you're all alone. The second thing you notice is that she's extremely compact. Not just in her body, but the way she moves and talks; no unnecessary effort, but exactly what's required to get the job done. She keeps that great shape and works off excess energy by bodybuilding at the gym. We told Julie that if people passing by the gym could see her through the window, she'd be a one-woman membership drive. "Look, I wear sweats and no make-up!" she giggles. "In fact, a guy I met at the gym told me he'd seen me working out one afternoon and immediately bought a membership. Then he didn't see me again for several months and he was thinking of suing the gym for false advertising!"

Julie Peterson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Julie Pederson

BUST: 97cm(38") WAIST: 61cm(24") HIPS: 91cm(36")

HEIGHT: 173cm WEIGHT: 59kg

BIRTH DATE: 29-9-64 SIGN: Libra

AMBITIONS: To obtain abundance in all aspects of my life - to be unlimited.

TURN-ONS: Fog, thunderstorms, wind, hot tubs, speed - horses, cars & boats!

TURN-OFFS: Judgements, negativity, limits, elevator music.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Shibumi, Maia, Ramtha, East of Eden.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Topper, To Catch a Thief, 9½ Weeks, Top Gun.

FAVORITE FOODS: Pizza, Popcorn, Twisties Champagne, raspberries.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three flatmates — two females and a male — began to argue after dinner about whose turn it was to do the dishes.

"All right," one of the girls announced, "the first one to speak has to do them."

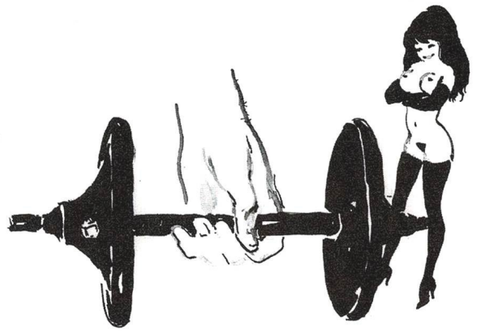
The trio retired to the living-room to watch TV. When their neighbor, a very handsome male model, came by, the three remained silent. The visitor shrugged and led one of the girls into her bedroom.

Forty-five minutes later, the young man emerged and approached the second girl. Through sign language they agreed to adjourn to her bedroom.

When he came out, he began to fix himself some coffee but burned his fingers on the stove.

"Hey, where's some petroleum jelly?" he shouted from the kitchen.

"Oh, shit," the male flatmate said, jumping up. "*I'll* do the bloody dishes."



Two lions strolled into a roadside bar in search of some refreshment. "Get a load of that little lady at the end of the bar," whispered one lion appreciatively.

"Bah!" scoffed the other. "You must be losing your eyesight."

"Not at all," persisted lion number one. "In my estimation she's good enough to eat. In fact, I believe I will."

He followed through with this act but the next day when he met his friend again he had the most awful stomach ache.

"Hah!" snorted the unsympathetic friend. "I'll bet it was that barbituate!"

When travelling through cannibal country, an archaeologist came across a cafeteria deep in the jungle. A menu posted on the door offered Fried Missionary for $3. Sauteed Safari Guide was priced at $5 and Baked Stuffed Politician could be had for $25.

The curious man went around to the back and asked the cook why the politician cost so much more than the other dishes.

"Did you ever try cleaning one of those things?" came the reply.

A man arrived home early to find his wife in the arms of one of his good mates. To calm the shocked husband, the friend suggested they all play poker.

"If I win," he said, "you have to get a divorce so I can marry her. If you win, I promise never to see her again. Okay?"

"Sure," agreed the husband. "But how about we play for five bucks a game to make it interesting."

On the eve of the couple's 15th wedding anniversary, the wife was bragging about her still-slender figure. "You know, darling," she said, "I can still get into the skirts I had before we were married."

"Oh, yeah?" the husband replied as he scanned the sports pages. "I wish to hell I could!"

Two men were standing around at a nudist colony when one of them noticed the other had an erection.

"You can't walk around like that!" he muttered.

"Why not?" came the reply. "I use it to tell the time. You know, like a sundial."

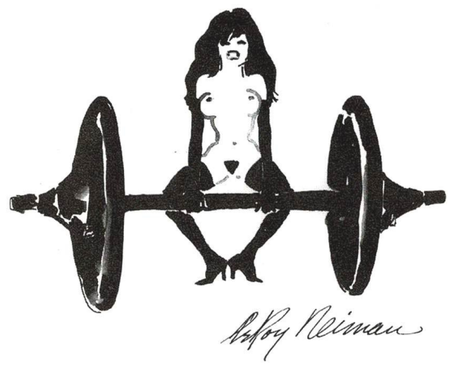
He turned sideways and pointed at the angle of his erect penis. "See, it's two o'clock," he announced.

"No, it's not," the other man said. "It's half past three."

"Blast," said the other as he masturbated furiously. "Forgot to wind it again."

Did you hear about that tarty new typist in the accounts department?" one office worker asked her colleague.

"She wears white roses on her knickers to mourn all the stiffs she's buried there!"



The two little girls were walking to kindergarten when one confided, "Guess what. I found a condom on the patio yesterday!"

"What's a patio?" her friend asked.

I've given up women," the old bloke said to his drinking partner at the bar.

"Geez, mate, I hope you haven't gone gay or anything?" queried his friend.

"Nah, nothin' like that. I'm into animals now."

"That's a bit rough, Bill. Geez, how low can you get!"

"Corgis, dachshunds, chihuahuas. . ."

On the first night of her honeymoon the young maiden lay on the bed with her negligee hoisted seductively up her legs.

"Why don't you come to bed?" she whispered to her husband who was sitting fully clothed in an armchair in the corner.

"Can't do that, love," he said. "Mum said this would be the most exciting night of my life and I don't want to miss any of it by going to sleep."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Goodness, do you need all this money just to go skiing?"

INTERMISSION

Fiction by ROBERT COOVER

Hey, can't a girl go out for popcorn without people taking advantage of her?

THE LIGHTS COME up and a thin curtain covers the screen, but the sign behind it telling everyone to please visit the ice cream kiosks in the foyer while they're getting ready for the next feature can still be seen, and the ripply picture on it of a huge, drippy banana split is too much for her rumbling tum, so she decides to go out and see what she can find with less than a zillion kilojoules in it. Her friend, who's flirting with some broken-nosed character a row back in a high-school letterman's jacket and sweaty cowboy hat, turns and asks her jokingly to bring her back a hot dog — "With tomato sauce, mind!" — making the guy snort and hee haw and push his hands in his pockets.

In the foyer, there's a line for everything — ice cream, cigarettes, popcorn, even the bubbler. The soft drinks line is the shortest so she gets in that, though the smell of mint, chocolate, and hot butter are driving her crazy. She grabs a fistful of her midriff bulge to calm her stomach down and, at almost the same moment, some creep behind her, as though to say "and that ain't all, kid," grabs a hunk of what her girlfriend calls her holey altar ("You just kneel down and kiss it, honey!" she likes to say), numb from so much sitting, but not so numb she doesn't go lurching into the smartarsed young schoolkids in front of her, setting off a lot of sniggering insults, mostly about her bosom which is among more adult audiences usually her best feature.

She turns to scowl at the crud behind her, but there's no one there. Instead, over by a movie poster advertising a sexy religious epic, there's this beautiful guy, all class and muscle, a real dreamboat, as they used to say in her favorite musicals, looking somehow heroic and vulnerable at the same time, and dressed in clothes they don't even sell in a town like this — and he's staring straight at her! She's almost sure she recognises him from somewhere, not from this dump of course, it would have to be from some movie — possibly he was a private eye with a tragic

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

past or a great explorer or alcoholic or artist or a happy-go-lucky bloke who gave his life for the woman he loved, something like that. Maybe even a half-naked martyr from that religious opus behind him, a show, if so, she wouldn't want to miss, much as she admires his present wardrobe. She sucks in her tummy and takes a breath to lift her breasts a fraction, just in case he might be interested (fat chance, she cautions herself, all too often a fool for love, she's famous for it) and amazingly enough, he *is!* He fits a cigarette between his lips, curls his hands around it and lights it, never once taking his eyes off her, glancing appreciatively down at her breasts (her sudden gasp makes them quiver in her bra cups like sing-along bouncing balls, she can tell by the way his brows bob), then back up at her eyes once more. He smiles faintly, blows smoke, then holds up the pack as though offering her one.

When she walks over toward him, her heart's beating so hard she's sure it must be showing through her blouse like she's got something alive in there trying to get out, and she knows just what they've always meant when they say in the movies, "I felt like I was walking on air." Only it's kind of bumpy air, like any minute something might catch her heels and make her fall on her face and turn the whole thing into some awful slapstick routine, the story of her crummy life. And sure enough, just when she gets close enough to pick up his smell (which is something between pepper steak, hot bathwater, and a Christmas tree — buttered popcorn can't touch it), her knees go all mushy, and she thinks, wobbling, oh boy, here we go again — but he reaches out and steadies her with just the lightest touch on her elbow, and then, as though there's some secret signal between them, they turn and (she checks to make sure she's still got her ticket stub, you never know, don't burn your breeches, as her girlfriend likes to say) step out on to the street.

Her hands are trembling when she reaches for the cigarette he offers her, and there's a kind of fog swirling around (it makes her think of steamy train stations and damp farewells, though in fact she hasn't even said hello yet) or else she's going blind with mad passion, very likely, and she's just trying to think of something brainy yet exotic to say, when four guys step out of the shadows and grab her and start dragging her toward the kerb. "Hey!" she yelps, any language fancier than that escaping her as her feet leave the ground. She twists around toward her erstwhile lover-boy, hoping, if not for a heroic rescue, at least for a little sympathy, but he only smiles mysteriously, takes a drag on his butt, flips it away, and, trailing wisps of fog and cigarette smoke like a kind of end-of-reel tease, disappears back into the cinema.

A black, unmarked car with thick windows pulls up and they push her into it, two of these blue-suited meatsacks squeezing in beside her in the back seat, another jumping up front with the driver, who is hunched over the wheel in a cloth cap and a coat with the collar turned up around his ears, like something she has seen a thousand times, yet never seen before. The fourth guy flops a jump seat down in front of her and sits facing her with a machine-gun pointed straight at her belly, which even in her present panic she realises is what's got her into all this trouble in the first place. Maybe he can even hear it growling because, as they roar away from the kerb, he tells her to shut up even though she hasn't said a word and couldn't if she tried.

It's scary enough that she's jammed into this car with a bunch of maniacal gangsters, a gun poked at her stomach and the car going about 200 km/h through the thickest city traffic she's ever seen around this place, running lights and swerving around oncoming cars and generally scaring the pants off anybody who has time to see them coming (someone who looked a little bit like her mother just went leaping backwards through a plate glass window back there — this is no joke!), but she's also got the distinct impression that the driver, who should have his eyes on the road ("Crikey!" she yips as the side of a huge bus looms before them and the guy with the gun gives her a jab with it and says: "I thought I told you to shut up!"), has them on her instead, staring darkly at her through his rear-view mirror, like either he's got designs on her, evil or whatever, or he's trying to tell her something. "There's somebody followin' us," he snarls suddenly, as though to hide what he really wants to say.

She sucks in her tummy and takes a breath to lift her breasts a fraction just in case he might be interested, and amazingly enough, he is!

The other guys whip out their weapons and roll the windows down. "*Step on it!*" the one with the gun on her yells and now they *really* get going, jumping kerbs and racing the wrong way down one-way streets, taking corners on two wheels, tyres screeching, crashing right through newsstands and fruit barrows, beating speeding engines to train crossings, leaping roadworks and gaping bridges, the gorillas beside her meanwhile leaning out the windows and blasting away at whoever it is that's following them. No one's paying any attention to her now, if they weren't going 1000km/h she could just open the door and step out and never be missed — no one, that is, except the driver, who is still eyeing her through the rear-view mirror like he can't get enough of her. Is he crazy?

Then suddenly one of the bruisers beside her slumps to the floor with a big hole where an eye should be, making her clench her teeth and pull her lips back, and the guy in the jump seat, looking like somebody just yanked his plug and let all the blood out, shoves her toward the empty window and yells in a high, nervous voice: "You think it's funny? You just stick *your* head out there for awhile!" She shrinks back at the same moment that the gunman on the other side of her spasms and flops against her like a bag of dirty laundry (and where are they now? They seem to be racing along the edge of some cliff!), and she tries her best to erase the grimace, but the squeaky guy just screams and pokes her with his machine-gun again. His finger is jittery on the trigger, his eyes rolling around like he's about to have a fit, and the driver, squinting at her in the mirror, gives her a little go-ahead nod as if he might have something in mind, so what else can she do?

They're going so fast her eyes tear when she sticks her head out and she can't see a thing, but she can hear the squealing tyres and howling sirens and the bullets ricocheting off the side of the car. As for those two hours in the beauty salon this afternoon, forget it, it's a good thing it's her own hair or it'd all be gone by now. Whenever she tries to pull back inside, she can feel that fruitcake behind her prodding at her fundamentals with the pointy end of his tommy-gun, pushing her further and further out the window like he might be trying to unload ballast, as her girlfriend likes to say when she has to go to the loo. Then amazingly, amid the roar of rushing wind and gunfire and speeding wheels, she seems to hear someone whisper, "*Jump!*" right in her ear. What? She catches just a glimpse through her wind-blown lashes(*those* aren't her own, and — *zip!* — they're gone) of the brim of his cloth cap, leaning out the window toward her. "*Now!*"

The car seems to swerve and the next thing she knows she's all alone out in mid-air some place (out of the corner of her eye she sees the gangsters' car leave the cliff edge and go somersaulting explosively far below), and then she's falling. She doesn't know how long she keeps falling, maybe she passes out for a second, because it seems like almost the next day when she hits the water — which is cold as ice and churning like an old washing machine and wakes her up right away if in fact she was asleep before. She flounders in the swirling waves, wishing now she hadn't always been so self-conscious in a swimsuit and had at least gone to the pool enough to learn something about how you stay on top of this stuff and keep from swallowing so much of it. What's worse, when for a moment she does manage to get her head above the surface, she can see she's being swept toward some kind of

(continued on page 110)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

WINTER-FASHION FORECAST

Vitek presents red-hot looks for dull old days.

The J. Jackson winter range relies for impact on applique, denim, canvas and even Navajo Indian blankets. On the left, he wears a cropped jacket ($350), jeans ($150) and shirt ($38), all by J. Jackson, plus boots ($180) by William Cook and hat ($60) by R.M. Williams. On the right, his J. Jackson outfit consists of long coat ($500), jeans ($150) and shirt ($59). She wears a skirt ($160), shirt ($60) and jacket ($350), all by J. Jackson.

Tres Bon's winter range features over-sized jackets, some with unusual batwing sleeves. He wears a suit ($360) by Tres Bon teamed with plain black tie, and shoes ($158) by Aquila. She's dressed in a jacket ($298), skirt ($138) and shirt ($196), all by Harry Who, plus shoes ($75) from Mr Christian.

Overcoats are the focus of Joe Bananas' winter range. On the left, his jacket ($240), shirt ($110) and trousers ($120) are all from Joe Bananas, teamed with boots ($150) by William Cook. On the right, he wears a coat ($450), jacket ($450) and trousers ($220), all by Joe Bananas, shoes ($245) from Aquila.

Russian Romance is the theme of Najee's winter collection. On the left, he's dressed in an overcoat ($469), shirt ($99), suit ($350) and boots ($200). On the right, he wears a suit ($350), shirt ($99) and boots ($200). All gear by Najee.

The Plot winter look is textured. And the more layers, the better. He wears a jacket ($190), overcoat ($250), shirt ($70) and trousers ($110), all by Plot, plus shoes ($245) from Aquila. For her, a dress ($278) and overcoat ($396) by Harry Who, and shoes ($75) by Mr Christian.

Quiz by Peter Rouchaléou

ARE YOU HER MASTER OR HER SLAVE?

Take our quiz and find out who's really wearing the frilly apron in your relationship.

BACK IN CAVEMAN DAYS, things were simple. You were the hunter, the provider and, of course, the boss. These days, she prowls, brings in money, calls the tune. Have the traditional roles been reversed? If she tells you to shampoo the carpet, put out the rubbish and wash *her* underwear, do you leap to attention? Maybe it's time to find out who's the boss. Try our master and slave quiz and see who's really in charge.

1

You tell her you love her with:

- ☐ (a) 13 red roses
- ☐ (b) a box of dark chocolates
- ☐ (c) a case of Dom Perignon
- ☐ (d) a copy of the Kama Sutra.

2

When you're in the mood for love, you feel like:

- ☐ (a) a radioactive particle
- ☐ (b) an erupting volcano
- ☐ (c) a dirty schoolboy
- ☐ (d) melting ice.

3

Your best friend is a woman because:

- ☐ (a) she's like a sister
- ☐ (b) she's a tomboy
- ☐ (c) she resembles your mother
- ☐ (d) she's already taken.

4

In the year 3000, the world will be peopled entirely by:

- ☐ (a) amazons
- ☐ (b) robots
- ☐ (c) gays
- ☐ (d) the same as today.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. BROUTIN

5

Your definition of virility is:

- ☐ (a) to keep quiet about your sexual conquests
- ☐ (b) to break all accepted codes of behavior
- ☐ (c) never failing to get it up
- ☐ (d) a 37cm erection in the morning.

6

She deceives you. You are:

- ☐ (a) indifferent. You've already done the same thing
- ☐ (b) furious. You've got to get even
- ☐ (c) wounded. You threaten to leave
- ☐ (d) incensed. You set out to win her again.

7

A love affair works so long as:

- ☐ (a) it's short
- ☐ (b) you don't cheat
- ☐ (c) it's just like the first time
- ☐ (d) you go from one surprise to another.

8

After your seventh glass of French champagne you:

- ☐ (a) caress her arm absent-mindedly while rambling on about gardening
- ☐ (b) make obscure references to modern art
- ☐ (c) take off your socks in order to run your foot along the inside of her thigh
- ☐ (d) order the eighth glass.

9

On the hit parade of your fantasies, number one is:

- ☐ (a) fellatio
- ☐ (b) fetishism
- ☐ (c) voyeurism
- ☐ (d) sodomy.

10

In the hit parade of her fantasies, number one is:

- ☐ (a) to be humiliated
- ☐ (b) to be worshipped
- ☐ (c) to be possessed
- ☐ (d) to be dominated.

11

You detest a guy who boasts incessantly about:

- ☐ (a) his money
- ☐ (b) his conquests
- ☐ (c) his hobby
- ☐ (d) his family.

12

She is going to end up giving in. . . and you make her succumb by going to see:

- ☐ (a) *Out Of Africa*
- ☐ (b) *Deep Throat*
- ☐ (c) *Three Men And A Cradle*
- ☐ (d) *9½ Weeks.*

13

Her car has broken down by the side of the road. You:

- ☐ (a) ignore her
- ☐ (b) offer to take her where she's going
- ☐ (c) direct her to the nearest garage
- ☐ (d) do some emergency repairs for her.

14

The job you really wanted goes to a woman. You suspect:

- ☐ (a) she used her charms
- ☐ (b) she was more competent
- ☐ (c) she had some help
- ☐ (d) you're an arsehole.

15

You would dismiss one of your female employees because:

- ☐ (a) she doesn't wear a bra
- ☐ (b) she always wears trousers
- ☐ (c) she seduces all your clients
- ☐ (d) she argues the point.

16

A good reason to have an argument with your girlfriend would be if:

- ☐ (a) she wore an ANTI APARTHEID badge everywhere
- ☐ (b) she expected you to read Germaine Greer
- ☐ (c) she started talking about her mother's bunions
- ☐ (d) you felt like it.

17

She's the sort of woman who makes you:

- ☐ (a) accept a life of working, eating and sleeping
- ☐ (b) want to give up sex
- ☐ (c) want to be her servant
- ☐ (d) stay faithful.

(Continued on page 96)

CAMERA CANDID

Fabulous Rikke Norton dreams of being a model photographer. In the meantime, she's our idea of a dream model.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Rikke Norton has been at home in front of the cameras since she was three years old. Her father is a professional photographer and young Rikke was a willing model right from the time her dad could teach her to pose for him. "My mother must have thousands of photos of me," she laughs. "They are in albums and all over the house. I was an only child and they always had pictures of me around." Rikke is equally at ease on the other side of the camera, too, and has had her photos published in many international magazines. "Having worked as a photographer as well," she says, "means I make a better model. I'm more aware of what is expected."

Rikke's photographic assignments have taken her from the Australian outback to the deserts of India and the mountains of Nepal. "I hope to go to South America next," she explains. "I like hot, colorful places and I think I could do some really good photography there." For the moment Rikke is busily occupied as a model. "I like doing nude poses best," she says. "There's a certain amount of freedom in taking off your clothes. This is the real me. Take it or leave it. It's a terrific feeling."

From your first morning cup to those brews in the night, here's all about what's perking.

COFFEE

NOT THE SAME OLD GRIND

These are the best of times to be alive and sipping the black brew. There are more options, more varieties, more high-quality coffees in the market today than at any other time in history. Whether your taste runs to a healthy decaffeinated brew or a big espresso as gutsy and generous as an Italian mama, the delis, specialty shops, gourmet boutiques and even supermarkets around Australia have the coffee for you.

What's perking in coffeeland? Quite a bit, as it happens. Not so long ago, the only decaf was instant. Now you can *brew* decaf from either preground or whole-bean coffee ground to your taste — with the caffeine extracted by a water process rather than by chemical solvent. One of the newest entries in the international coffee sweepstakes is flavored coffee. The range of flavors encompasses such familiars as cinnamon, almond, orange, cherry and vanilla, and such exotic accents as amaretto, Irish cream, *sambuca*, rum-chocolate and other hyphenated variations on the theme of chocolate. Flavored coffees wouldn't be everyone's pick for a morning cuppa, but they definitely have a place. Try one in the evening when you're building a romantic atmosphere.

While these adventures in coffee got started in coffee boutiques and specialty-food emporiums, most well-stocked supermarkets now offer a respectable selection of regular and decaffeinated beans.

High-quality coffee beans and preground vacuum packs are available through Belaroma specialty shops in Sydney and from outlets carrying the Belaroma name in Perth and Newcastle. Good delis and gourmet shops also stock Belaroma; with a choice of Original and Supreme varieties, the beans are imported from the prime coffee-growing areas of Colombia, Kenya, Ethiopia and Indonesia.

Vittoria coffee from Cantarella Bros has enjoyed a big surge of popularity in the past few years. This company claims its 200g Espresso pack is the top seller in Coles and Franklins supermarket outlets in NSW. A 300 percent growth rate was recorded for Vittoria sales in 1985 and this must be regarded as a positive indicator that more and more Australians are serious about their coffee. What blend you use is becoming as personal a matter as which wine you choose to serve with meals.

The age of instant coffee is far from dead, too, with the big gun companies such as Nescafe, Moccona and Bushells offering a big array of choices ranging from freeze-dried granules to decaffeinated and espresso blends.

Coffee-making at home was changed radically by the introduction of the electric drip-filter pot, which has made the percolator virtually obsolete. If you measure the coffee and the water accurately, you'll get a good, consistent cup. Reliable names are Sunbeam, Breville, Philips, National and Techni-vorm. Some machines will even grind the beans and whip up cappuccino, as well as brew coffee. A clever new accessory, the gold-plated *permanent* filter, is said to produce superior coffee, because it allows more flavor solids to pass into the coffee than do standard paper filters. It's made with 23.8ct gold and comes from Switzerland, so, naturally, the name is Swiss Gold. There's also a Swiss Gold coffee maker that brews a single cup at a time.

Coffee can be a recipe ingredient and a baste and also happens to be a superb mixer. If you have a taste for it, you'll love these coffee-based quaffs.

COFFEE AND CHERRY FLIP

"The coldest winter I ever spent," Mark Twain supposedly said, "was the summer I

Drink by
EMANUEL GREENBERG

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD IZUI

spent in San Francisco." He'd have loved the San Francisco Fairmont's heart-warming Cherry Flip, created for the hotel's elegant Cirque room by bartender Kathryn Thomas.

225ml cherry-flavored brandy
15ml creme de cacao
Hot black coffee
Whipped cream
Cherry with stem

Pour brandy and liqueur into pre-warmed cup or mug. Add coffee — about 150ml. Top with mound of whipped cream. Garnish with cherry.

Note: This can be made with regular or decaffeinated coffee.

COUNTY CORK IRISH COFFEE

This version is favored by the staff at the Middleton Distillery, County Cork, where most Irish whiskey is made.

40ml Jameson Irish whiskey
120ml hot black coffee
1 rounded teaspoon brown sugar, or to taste
Heavy cream, lightly beaten

Preheat Irish-coffee goblet or heatproof mug. Add whiskey, coffee and sugar; stir to dissolve sugar. Top generously with collar of cream. Don't stir; the idea is to sip the coffee through the cream.

Note: For special occasions, make the drink with 12-year-old Jameson 1780 Special Reserve. A sensuous experience.

CAFE ANTRIM

A warming Irish potion to win a few friends and keep old ones rosy-cheeked and happy.

30ml Irish whiskey
1 teaspoon cognac
½ teaspoon superfine sugar
Hot black coffee
¼ slice orange

Shake whiskey, cognac and sugar briskly in shaker to dissolve sugar. Pour into demitasse cup or old fashioned glass. Fill with coffee; stir. Garnish with orange.

CAFE NORMAND

Cafe Normand, made with Calvados Pays d'Auge — the best — is a bracing post-prandial sip.

1 teaspoon superfine sugar
60ml calvados
Hot espresso

Spoon sugar into heatproof wineglass. Add calvados; stir. Add about 120ml coffee; stir again. Add more sugar, if desired.

THE BIG CHILL

30ml dark rum
30ml Kahlua
120ml coffee, chilled
30ml cream
½ teaspoon sugar
1 scoop vanilla ice cream

Shake all ingredients except ice cream with cracked ice. Strain into tall glass or goblet. Top with ice cream. Serve with straws and long-handled spoon.

CAFE BRULOT

(10-12 servings)

A distinctive version from Brennan's, an unusual New Orleans restaurant.

10cm cinnamon stick
8-10 whole cloves
Peel of 2 oranges, in thin slivers
Peel of 2 lemons, in thin slivers
6 lumps sugar
240ml brandy, warmed
60ml curacao, warmed
1 litre strong black coffee, hot

Combine spices, peels and sugar in *brulot* or large chafing-dish pan; mash with ladle. Add brandy and curacao; stir; ignite with long match. Ladle flaming spirits back and forth from pan to bowl, creating the effect of a column of fire. When sugar has dissolved, gradually add hot coffee, stirring until flames burn out. Strain into *brulot* or demitasse cups.

Note: For safety's sake, stand back when igniting liquor and be sure flammable table decorations are out of the way.

RAGTIME

30ml coffee liqueur
30ml brandy
30ml half-and-half
3 roasted coffee beans

Vigorously shake first 3 ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Float coffee beans on top.

COFFEE FLING

30ml Scotch liqueur or Drambuie
Hot black coffee
Sugar, if desired

(continued on page 106)

GROUND RULES FOR PERFECT COFFEE

PREPARING A GREAT cup of coffee should be a simple matter, yet the knack eludes a lot of people. There are three basic elements to the task — the water, the coffee and the brewing. What follows is all the information you need. Master it, and you'll never again commit inferior coffee.

WATER

- Start with fresh, cold water — let the tap run a moment or two.
- Naturally soft water is best. The chemicals in artificially softened water flatten the taste of the coffee. If you're in a hard-water area or your water is over-treated, use bottled (not distilled) water to ensure a first-class cup of coffee.
- Don't overboil water. Once the kettle reaches full steam, pour the water promptly.

COFFEE

- Determine your favorite coffee type or blend by systematic tasting. Concentrate when you taste a new coffee.
- Buy coffee in the grind recommended for your coffeemaker. (Check the instructions.) There's no such thing as an all-purpose grind.
- Freshness is of paramount importance. Vacuum-packed coffee will keep for months as long as it's unopened. However, once the package has been breached, the coffee can decline rapidly. Keep as much as you'll use in a week in the refrigerator; store the rest in a tightly closed container in the freezer.
- If the coffee comes in non-vacuum packages, immediately transfer to containers with tight covers; then refrigerate or freeze.
- Coffee keeps better in the bean than when ground. For the very best results, buy coffee in the bean and grind just what you need for each batch of coffee you make. Small electric coffee grinders do an efficient (if noisy) job and are widely available in department stores.

BREWING

- Carefully read (and commit to memory) the instructions that come with your coffee-maker.
- The coffee pot must be scrupulously clean. Scrub it well with detergent and water after each use and rinse thoroughly. Store with the lid partly askew so that air can circulate inside the pot, too.
- Experts recommend using ¾ cup of water and 2 level measuring tablespoons of coffee per cup. But feel free to modify those proportions to make the coffee stronger or weaker, depending on your taste.
- Clear cup markings on the side of the pot are a helpful guide as to how much water to add. However, the first time you use a pot, measure the water before pouring it and check against the markings to be sure they are correctly calibrated.
- Use the proper size pot for the number of cups you're making. For best results, the pot should be filled to at least ¾ of its capacity.
- Once the coffee has finished brewing, remove and discard the grounds to avoid excess bitterness.
- Serve coffee as soon as it's finished brewing. Don't make more than you expect to use. If it's not enough, you can always make another pot. Discard leftover coffee; reheated coffee is not fit to drink.

"This is only a test. If this were a real emergency you would be eaten."

MASTER OR SLAVE?

(Continued from page 84)

18

The thing you hate most about her social conscience is that:

- ☐ (a) she gives all your old clothes to the Salvos
- ☐ (b) she participates in the Animal Liberation Front
- ☐ (c) she regularly empties the fridge to make food parcels for Bangladesh
- ☐ (d) she keeps on talking about adopting an Ethiopian.

19

The type of woman you admire most is:

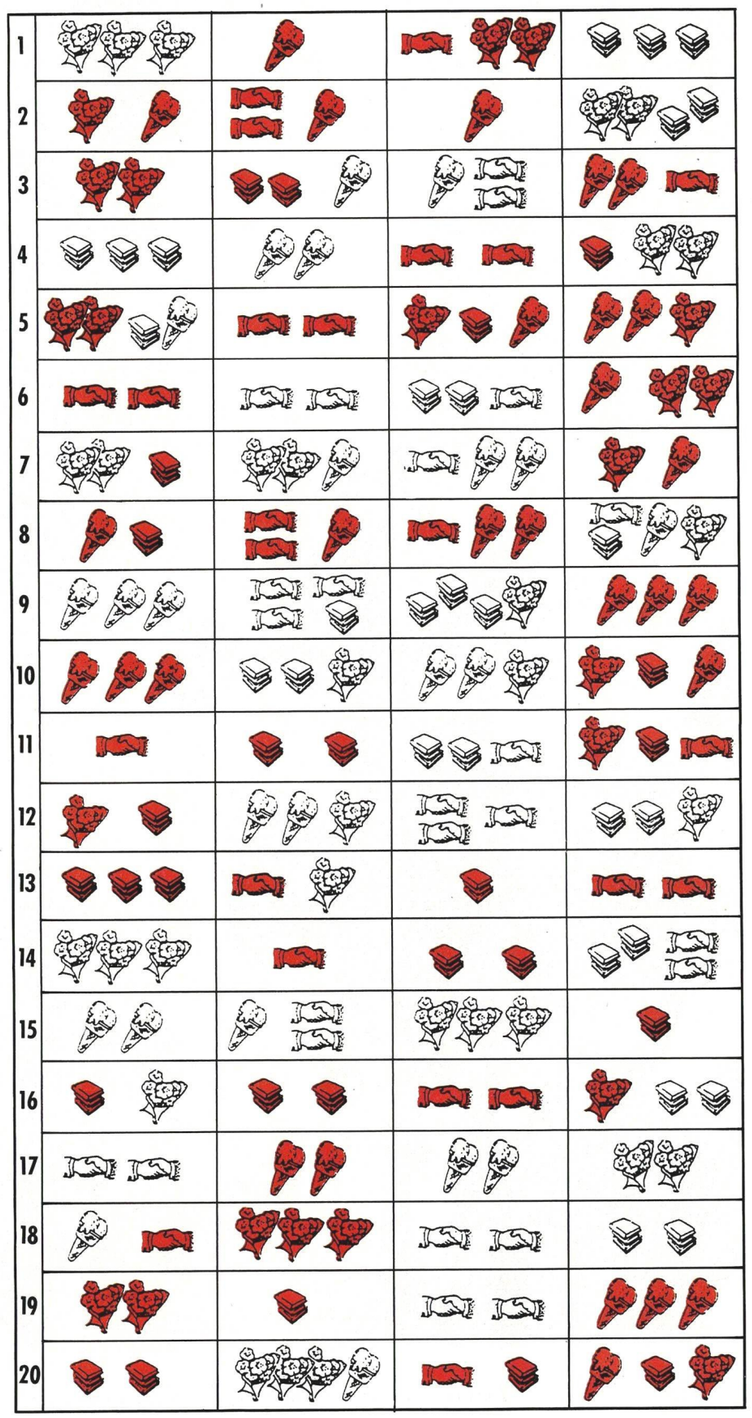
- ☐ (a) a film star
- ☐ (b) an astronaut
- ☐ (c) a cabinet minister
- ☐ (d) a mother superior.

20

When Adam agreed to munch on the apple, it was because:

- ☐ (a) Eve was a sweet talker
- ☐ (b) he was jealous of the serpent
- ☐ (c) he always followed her lead
- ☐ (d) he wanted to know what she was like naked.

ANSWERS TO THE TEST



HOW TO SCORE

Number of ...	number of ...
Number of ...	number of ...
Number of ...	number of ...
Number of ...	number of ...

Tally your score according to the accompanying chart. Work out your totals under all symbols and determine if you have more red or black of each. If you have a majority of, say, black roses, check your score in the left-hand, black-shaded column. If you have more, say, red handshakes, refer to the right-hand, red-shaded column. If you have an equal number of, say, red and black books, refer to the middle, pink-shaded column.

If you have more than two scores in the black-shaded column: you're her slave, mate, so what are you going to do about it?

If you have more than two scores in the red-shaded column: you're determined to be the master, but don't be too cocky. You never know what women are going to do next.

If you have more than two scores in the pink-shaded column: you are a rare species. You're a man who really believes in equality.

	THE SLAVE	THE EQUAL PARTNER	THE MASTER
EMOTION	THE VICTIM Love for you is genuine suffering, because you are never certain of getting as much as you give. Everything wounds and irritates you. You live your love life either in a state of exasperating uncertainty or overwhelming exhaustion.	THE NICE GUY Love, for you, means to share and share alike. You always find the word, the gesture or the present which is exactly right.	THE TORMENTOR A veritable wizard with women, you know how to flatter them, but once you've got control of the situation you lose interest in your conquests and make your escape in search of new prey.
INTELLECT	THE MASOCHIST You have an unfortunate tendency to humble yourself before women. Your apparent lack of courage and your passiveness make you a martyr.	THE EGALITARIAN The differences between the sexes don't constitute any major problems to you. You like to listen to what women have to say. You recognise in them qualities of sensibility, intuition and intelligence.	THE MISOGYNIST Women are for you a pleasant and necessary disease. If you're a man of the world, you treat them with condescension. Your motto: when a woman talks to you, smile but do not listen!
SOCIAL BEHAVIOR	THE UNDERDOG She holds on to you and won't let go! But even though you are answerable to her, have to give explanations and accept certain limits, you actually enjoy your slavery. Deep down, however, you know that while she may rule, she doesn't govern.	THE LIBERAL It seems to you women should be able to attempt all the positions reserved for men, but men should have the opportunity to assume roles hitherto performed by women. You're waiting for the day when *you* can experience the joy of childbirth.	THE CHAUVINIST You like women to the extent that they are useful. You will not tolerate rivals, and since you think of women as belonging to you, you keep them in their traditional roles of housekeeping and reproduction. The danger for you is that because you're a hunter as well, you can't always keep an eye on what she's up to at home.
SEX	THE SCAREDY CAT Are you a follower of the new chastity, a champion of morality, or just plain timid? You're so inhibited you'll never get sexual satisfaction. To overcome your fear of sex, there are two solutions. You can find someone as timid as you or you can drown yourself.	THE SEXPERT Love for you is a fabulous game where everything is permitted provided the partners play by the same rules. You are only completely satisfied when mutual orgasm is achieved. Your motto: a pleasure given is a pleasure received.	THE SADIST You enjoy sex only when it satisfies your ego and hurts others. Your ardor and your frenzy always find consenting victims or people you can make slaves. Your motto: do unto others as you fucking well please.
	more than two black symbols	equal number of black and red symbols	more than two red symbols

GARDNER (continued from page 38)

When I came off the track some journalist gave me a huge bagging. Last year I rubbed his nose in it.

Australia, but they always had better equipment. So this news from England irked me so much. They were over there winning races and I was sitting at home doing nothing. This was about the middle of 1980 and I said, right, that's it, I'm going to England. I went out and bought the ticket and then I started to shit myself. I was still living at home. I'd never been away before. But Mum and Dad and Donna pushed me on the plane and once I got over there I was right. I'd spent all the money I had on the ticket, so I had to hitch everywhere, but I got to the Isle of Man and I saw what GP racing was all about, met a lot of people. That was the scene for me. I wanted to be a factory rider with Honda Britain.

I had my leathers and helmet with me but I didn't get a ride until I was at Donnington Park. One of the guys in a private team crashed and hurt his head and I was asked if I'd like to ride. I didn't even know which way the track went but I took off and I was running third. I couldn't keep the pace up because I didn't know the track and I was scaring myself. I slowed up and finished 12th. When I came off the track some journalist gave me a huge bagging. He called me over and said: "You shouldn't be out on that track. You're a danger to everyone and don't you dare go out there again." The bastard gave me heaps and I've remembered that. Last year I went up to him at a GP and rubbed his nose in it. But there must have been some truth in what he said at the time because I didn't get any more offers to ride and I packed up and came home. Back here I got stuck into racing again and by the end of the year I'd lined up a sponsor for 1981. I was actually going to get paid $15,000 for the season.

But right at the end of 1980, during the Swann Series, a guy called Moriwaki from Kawasaki came over from Japan and the word got around that he was looking for some riders to go to Europe. Everyone was riding their balls off, me included. I met the guy and I knew he'd seen me ride a few times, but the weeks went by and I didn't hear anything from him. Then eventually I got a phone call asking me if I'd go and ride Daytona for him. It was hinted that there might also be the possibility of going on to Europe. So I went to Daytona and had a great ride and finished fourth, but I wasn't too sure about Europe. I felt I couldn't let down these guys who had promised me $15,000.

PLAYBOY: We heard that it was divine intervention, in the form of a shower of rain, that brought you to Moriwaki's attention.

GARDNER: I was a bit lucky, yeah. I'd finished fifth and sixth in the Swann Series and hadn't really impressed anyone, then there was an unlimited race. I'd had treads on throughout because it looked like it was going to rain but it didn't, and I'd really chewed the shit out of them. I wasn't even entered in this unlimited race and I had the bike up on the trailer. Then it started to rain. I got the bike down in a hurry and wheeled it on to the track without the owner's consent. He didn't know I was in the race until someone pointed out that I was leading. I won the race and the guy came running down from the grandstand and he said, "You little bastard, it's lucky you won!" Anyway, Moriwaki was watching, too, and he was very impressed apparently.

So after Daytona, Moriwaki asked me to ride his bike in England for a season. I thought about it a lot and eventually decided to give it a go. I'd met a guy called Roger Marshall who was involved in the British racing scene and he offered to put me up. I flew over and the first race I went in I won. I couldn't believe it. I didn't win again all season but I was consistent. Donna was with me and we had to buy a car and after a while rent a place to live and so on, but by the end of the season I was only a couple of grand out of pocket. Then Honda Britain asked me to ride for them in 1982.

PLAYBOY: Was it rags to riches with just one signature?

GARDNER: It was a pretty good contract in terms of what was available in Australia at the time. I was relatively well off. I bought the house in England in '82, I had a Honda car given to me and I bought a caravan to take on tour. In '81 I'd slept in the car because I couldn't afford hotel rooms.

PLAYBOY: Whew! From failed fitter on the dole to celebrity racer in just 18 months. Did you get a big head?

GARDNER: I don't think so. I wasn't a big celebrity over there but I was a bit different because I was riding a big road bike. I figured that if I couldn't win the races I'd be good entertainment value, so I'd do big wheelies and stuff. I was certainly a showman but I don't think I was a bighead. My lifestyle changed quite a bit though.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people would have been tempted to grab success with both hands and turn their backs on their former lives, yet you remain very much a native son of Wollongong.

GARDNER: It's quite funny when I go back to Tubemakers now. The same people are there doing the same jobs and they always kid me that I've come back to buy the place. I suppose I go out there to rub their noses in it a bit. I mean, they did give me the sack, but then again it was probably important for me that they did, because it pushed me into doing something about my racing.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you were virtually unbeatable in Britain between 1982 and 1984.

GARDNER: Well, in one of those years I entered 36 and won 24. The first year I was low key but then I won every series going. I was Honda Britain's number one rider.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to make the move to the Grand Prix circuit?

GARDNER: It was company politics more than anything that kept me out of the GPs. I was contracted to Honda Britain and they didn't have a budget for Grand Prix racing, but by 1984 they offered to loan me the machinery if I paid all the expenses for me and the team. I knew if I was going to make a real name for myself I was going to have to gamble some of the money I'd made. So I went at my cost, did five of the 12 GPs, and finished seventh in the world championship. I finished with high placings in every event I entered and ended up only going down the tubes by about $4000. Almost broke even, and the following year I was in demand. So although the first year cost me a bit, it resulted in my being offered a much fatter contract for 1985. It still wasn't huge money, but that year I did the full season on a semi-factory bike and finished fourth. In 1986 I was on a Honda factory contract and finished second. So there's only one place left to go.

PLAYBOY: Is 1987 definitely going to be your year?

GARDNER: If you drew a graph of my progress you'd reach that conclusion, wouldn't you? But there's a bit of luck involved, the right team, the right machinery.

PLAYBOY: Make us drool. Describe your bike for this season.

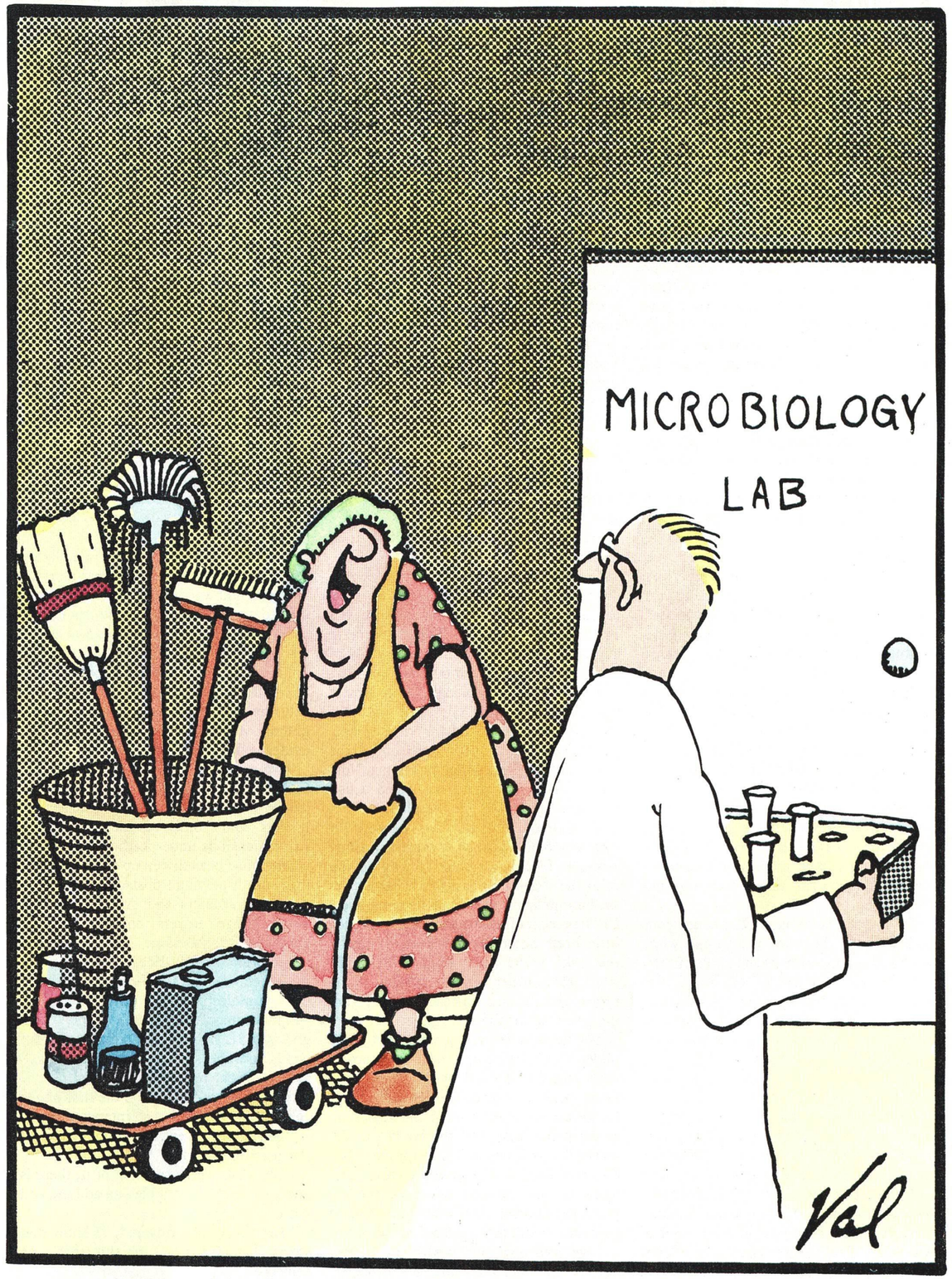
GARDNER: It'll weigh quite a bit less than last year's bike, which was 119 kilos. And of course it's going to be more powerful than last year's, which was 150 hp. It might be 10 hp more with a top speed of around 340km/h, but top speed is not what counts in racing. It's smooth power and that's what this bike is going to have to deliver.

PLAYBOY: Of course you can't buy these bikes but what would they cost if you could?

GARDNER: You can't buy them but you can lease them as a package of two for about $500,000 a year.

PLAYBOY: And how much will it be worth to Honda if you win the world championship this year?

GARDNER: Oh, you can't really say. It's a bit like asking how many cigarettes a company will sell because of its association with a sport. Japan has the biggest motorcycle market in the world and I'm the name Honda is using to get the biggest share of it. Let's leave it at that.



"You wouldn't believe how hard I had to scrub to get all the mould off all those little dishes of yours!"

CARMANSHIP *(continued from page 42)*

If they can make rust disappear, imagine what they can do with the evidence of a bad smash.

"clapped-out" becomes "cheap". A whole language has been generated to enable the second-hand car sub-culture to communicate in code. You need an example? Okay, "rust" is "cancer". If a dealer buys "cancer" it's always malignant and if he's selling cancer it's invariably undetectable, because he "operated" on it with Nicky ("plastic", body-fill, fibreglass, call it what you like). Now the cancer is "benign". Ha ha. No chance the customer will pick it, see. Later, usually much later, the cancer can prove fatal. . . for you.

If they can make rust disappear, imagine what they can do with the evidence of a bad smash. Or hail damage (you think people really *like* vinyl roofs?), or unwanted mileage on the speedometer.

That doesn't mean every salesman fudges every car sold, but we all know someone who's been ripped off, so it ain't exactly isolated either. So the secret is to make sure you don't get handled. Here are some clues.

First, imagine you are totally alone, lost, helpless, staggering through a waterless desert in scorching heat. Overhead, vultures circle relentlessly. Would you turn to them for help?

Right, now take a mental leap into that other lost land — Gasoline Alley, the enticing boulevard of shoulder-to-shoulder car yards that infest every sizeable city. If you want to get stitched up, just shuffle on to the first lot and mumble something such as, "I need a small, cheap car." The vultures will drop on you like a stone. They have to, you're their next meal. No one gets paid to go all wimpy over suckers and dumbos. Behave like one and they'll tear you limb from limb.

Or you can get smart. First count your bikkies. Not the ones you count when you're filling in Lotto or the Pools but the real ones in your bank, or at least the ones that your bank manager, finance company or credit union own and are prepared to advance you. Cost out your real insurance rating and build that figure in. Then draw the line right there. Don't step a cent over it. And that's the bottom line.

Narrow your choice. Select a car, a model, a type and stick to it. Now get to know it. Start with research. "Word of mouth" is another phrase for fibs, but if you can probe past the driveway bullshit most owners will ultimately break down under the torture of a few beers and give you the real story. You'll get to know at precisely what year and approximate mileage the wheels fall off and the engine explodes through the bonnet.

Specialist magazines, consumer publications and and newspapers feature millions of words on every make and model, including second-hand cars and long tests of new ones. Take in a few and you'll get some ideas. Every state has a motorist organisation. You probably already know they have a fleet of cars that turn up five hours after you've called for breakdown service on a wet day. They also have road reports, mechanical bulletins and service records on heaps of cars. They usually have a shit-hot mechanical inspection service and unless you're an ace spannerman, you're going to need them when you make a final selection.

You looked at a dozen flats or houses before your last move, didn't you? So go and check some cars. It'll cost you a tank of petrol or $30 in a rental car for the day. It'll save you weeks, possibly months of aggro later and it could save you thousands of dollars.

Grab a newspaper and rip out the classifieds. Ring a dozen adverts for your car selection. Get condition, mileage and price and compare them. Take no notice of extras; go and see the best half-dozen.

Check the dealers too but stay cool first trip. You're "just looking". Skip dealers who don't display sale-cards in cars (required by law). Note the vitals, make, model, year, mileage and price. Confirm the age on the I/D plate under the bonnet. Note some details and move on. Keep a list, compare values. Get the big picture.

Understand pricing. You hassled for your watch or Walkman or camera in Hong Kong or Fiji, didn't you? So why do you think the used-car price is fixed? Remember the bottom line is the wholesale price; allow 15-20 percent off the sticker for that. A trick little Ford Laser Sport 3-door '81 model that asks $7750 retail would cost $6500 wholesale (dealer price) or less if he traded/bought well. So head downhill from the price tag for the real figure.

You've seen the real woman that hides under your girlfriend's make-up, haven't you? Don't be kidded by jazzed-up cars. Dive inside, under the bonnet, in the boot, lift the carpets, peek in the wheel wells, look at the pedal wear, feel the bounce in the seats. The first one will be a mystery, but five cars later you'll get the picture. The more you see, the more you know, the less you'll get dudded. And when you've got a goer there's still that mechanical check-up.

Take your own money with you. If you haven't got cash hit your bank manager, building society or credit union. If you dead-end there, try to tie up your own HP. You still walk in the dealer's door with the same "cash" buying power. And don't take a trade-in. That doubles your chances to get dudded. Retail it yourself, it'll cost you a classified ad or two and it could save you hundreds or thousands.

And before you sign up, do a rego check. It costs a few bucks, comes off the computer at the motor registry, and gives you ownership history. It can give the lie to one-owners, or reveal a certain "lemon". That trick once revealed a three-year-old car with seven owners, four of them car yards. One owner confirmed the suspicion that the car was a dud and got traded to a dealer, and so the cycle continued.

If after all that, you still get bitten, you can go whimpering back to the various consumer organisations and beg for help. The used-car industry has a protective industry group in most states and they offer some recourse to disgruntled buyers. Through certified dealers you also get a three-month warranty (not offered, forced on them by legislation). And then there's always the consumer affairs bureau, your solicitor, the courts or a grenade launcher.

"Seriously though, be fair, you must have had an experience with a good used-car dealer at some stage," she said.

"Let me tell you about my Range Rover. . . " This is also a great story. A dealer I know well from motor racing offered to sell mine. It was a magnificent car, specially prepared from end to end as the ultimate touring/off-road machine. Said dealer took it on consignment, guaranteed to sell it for $16,000 (his valuation) in two weeks, wanted a mere grand's worth of commission, promised tender loving care and full insurance.

Two months later I took it back. The Cibie spot and driving lights were gone (about $300 worth) along with the aerials, mirrors and some of the paint. The suspension rods underneath were mangled where it had been driven up and down over this death-defying obstacle course to impress customers and swing them into other Range Rovers on the lot (not subjected to the same treatment). The stereo was stuffed, Recaro seats ripped, insurance void and the car was, I was told, totally unsaleable at that price. "You'll get 14 grand, max," burly-gut told me, "we'll give you $12,500 cash and take it off your hands now and save you a lot of trouble."

Next week, restored to original nick, I pinged a sale at $16,000 on the first phone call from a classified in an interstate paper.

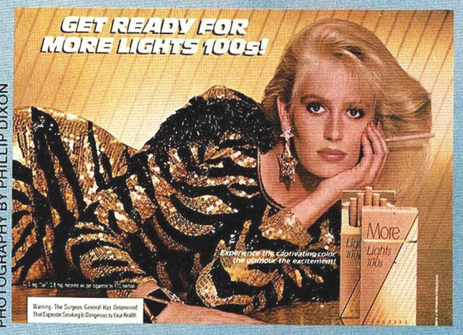
"So you can't even give me one contact?" she persisted.

"Oh, yeah, come to think of it, there is one good one." I scribbled an address and passed it to her.

"Let's see," she frowned, "I know that street, that must be. . . oh shit, that's the cemetery."

Dead right.

ONCE BITTEN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

BUT NOT TWICE SHY. MEET BITTEN KNUDSEN, THE MORE CIGARETTE MODEL WHO'S ON HER WAY TO THE TOP.

Bitten. Now there's an evocative name. It suggests the solemn, slightly stung pout that has assured her success as a top model, and it's what every guy who's seen her More cigarette ads would like to be — by her. But for Bitten Knudsen, who left the cold comfort of Denmark for the hot lights of supermodeldom, the name suggests ambition, although, says she, it comes from the old Viking word for "little rose". Bitten by the modelling bug, she rose to the top of that field and set her sights on Hollywood. "So far I've had teeny parts," she says. "I was in a movie with Tina Turner, but both of us got cut." Bad move, Hollywood. The cutting room floor is no place for legs like Tina's or eyes like these.

Bitten's bedroom eyes and sexy pout have adorned covers of countless fashion magazines and she spent three years as the sumptuous More girl. "I always tried to add a little extra to my pictures, to get into the character, to play a personality other than my own. What would you call that? Method modelling? On a job they style my hair and put make-up on me but that's not the me who goes out surfing," she says. The Bitten who surfs would just as soon get comfortable and worship the sun as dress up and sell sophisticated cigarettes. She knows, however, that a Scandinavian design like hers would be a terrible thing to waste!

Bitten's a Norse beauty with a love for the tropics. "I spent my time in the islands travelling with a man I'll call 'the Napoleon of Hawaii', a good, good friend. We sailed a catamaran to Kauai and waited out a storm in a sheltered harbor. Still, there were 35-foot waves. Scary. But I love Hawaii."

Method model, surfer, actress, sailor and photographer, Bitten is a girl who knows how to relax. Her face may be out selling sophisticated stuff, but her body lies over by the ocean, waiting for somebody to yell, "Surf's up!"

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COFFEE (continued from 94)

Lemon-peel segment

Pour liqueur into cup. Add hot coffee to fill, or to taste. Stir. Add sugar, if desired. Twist lemon peel over cup to release oils, then discard.

BOONOONOONOOS

Jamaicans say *boonoonoonoos* is good news. After you taste one, you'll agree.

Lime wedge
Sugar
30ml Jamaica rum
30ml coffee liqueur
Hot black coffee
Whipped cream
Powdered cinnamon

Run cut side of lime around rim of large goblet or heatproof wineglass. Invert glass and swirl in sugar to frost rim. Add rum and liqueur. Pour in coffee to within about 2cm of rim; stir. Taste for sweetness; add sugar, if desired. Pile on whipped cream. Lightly sprinkle cinnamon on top.

BOURBON STREET

(30-35 servings)

1 bottle (750ml) bourbon
2 litres strong black coffee, at room temperature
600ml cream
120ml amaretto
Tub ice cream, vanilla or coffee flavored (half-thawed)
Bitter chocolate shavings (optional)

In large jug, combine bourbon, coffee, cream and amaretto. Chill well. Place ice cream in large punch bowl. Slowly stir in mixture from jug. Decorate with chocolate shavings, if desired.

COFFEE BUSTAMANTE

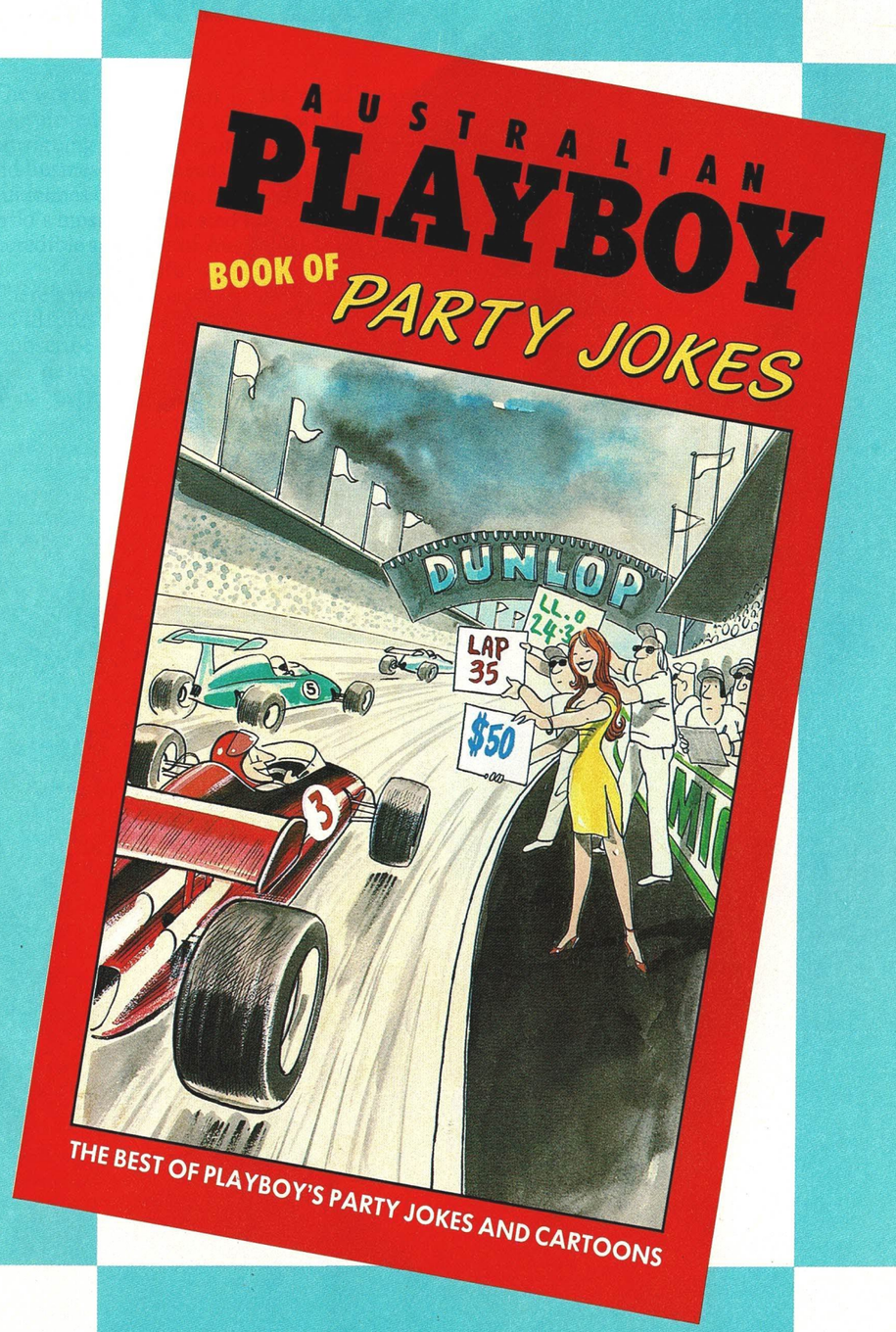
A heady blend of brandy, liqueurs and coffee.

45ml Courvoisier
30ml Kahlua
150ml Benedictine
200ml hot coffee
Unsweetened whipped cream
15ml coffee liqueur
Grated white chocolate, optional

In warmed, heatproof large mug or glass, combine Courvoisier, Kahlua and Benedictine. Pour in hot coffee. Top with whipped cream; drizzle coffee liqueur on top. Sprinkle with grated white chocolate, if desired.

Threepence covered the cost of an evening's entertainment in early London coffeehouses. A one-penny admission charge entitled patrons to listen to or participate in the entertaining verbal duelling. The remaining twopence went for a *bowl* of coffee. Talk about inflation!

You'll be the life of the party



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INTERMISSION *(continued from page 76)*

He fills his hands with them, pinching the nipples between his fingers, having all kinds of fun. . .

rapidly approaching horizon, which even she in her landlocked innocence knows can only be the edge of a waterfall: the roar is deafening and she can see spume rising from below like the mist they use in those films about dying and going to the other world. Well, out of the frying pan and down the drain, as her friend would say: she holds her nose and gets ready for the plunge.

But, just as the current starts to pick up speed and propel her over the edge, along comes this empty barrel, tumbling and rolling in the waves, and sort of scoops her up, head first — and there she is, halfway inside, her head banging around on the bottom, her backside up in the air and feet kicking, when she feels the whole apparatus tip, pause, and then drop. It is not a pleasant ride. The half of her left outside feels very airy and vulnerable the whole way down, not unlike the way it felt when she got sent to the principal's office for a paddling in the fourth grade, while the half on the inside gets shaken around like the pingpong balls in a Lotto barrel. *Ow!* It hurts worse than the time she went rollerskating and got thrown off the tail-end of a snakeline. Or the night her friends shoved some fairy floss and a choc-top ice cream cone in her hands and pushed her down the collapsing ramp of a carnival fun-house, with a thousand people standing out front watching and laughing their fat heads off.

It seems to take centuries to get to the bottom, that's how it is when you think each second is going to be your last, but finally the whirling and pounding is over and she finds herself dizzily afloat, her head at the dark, smelly end of the barrel, her legs dangling in the water, which does not seem so cold now. A kind of chilly current passes under her and something tickles her thighs, giving her the shivers, so she slides out of the barrel and, holding on to its rim, gazes dreamily around her. She seems to have been cast far out to sea: nothing but water in all directions. And then she sees them: fins slicing through the water! Sharks! *Hundreds* of them! She scrambles back into the barrel, kicking frantically, and by throwing her weight at the bottom, tips it upright, even as those huge, slimy things come streaking by, whumping and thumping against it, as though trying to tip it over again.

She squats down, peering over the edge at them, her heart in her throat (why is everything in this world so *hungry* all the time?), safe for the moment, but not for long: the barrel is more than half full of water, it's nearly up to her nibbles, as her girlfriend would say, and more is lapping in over the rim every minute. She tries to scoop it out with her hands, but it's too slow. Her shoe doesn't work much better. She makes a kind of bag out of her blouse, but it's too torn up to hold anything. She feels like she's in one of those slow-motion sequences in which the more you run the more you don't go anywhere. Finally what works best is her bra, always the friend closest to her heart, as the ads say. She develops a kind of fast jack-in-the-box motion, collapsing her hands together underwater, filling both cups at once, then quickly spreading them apart as she snaps the bra upward — splush! *whoosh!* splush! *whoosh!* — over and over again, like she might be trying to fill up the ocean.

Eventually the bra snaps, that much action it was never made for, but she has won the battle. She bails the rest out with her one remaining shoe. She notices the sharks have gone. Probably it just got too weird for them. Not that her problems are over of course. She's adrift in a leaky barrel on an endless ocean, no food, no water, not even a Mintie. Boy, isn't that the way it always is? The one time she's worked off enough kilojoules to really let herself go, and they take away the snack bars. She pulls what's left of her blouse back on, loosens the buttons at the waist of her skirt, and slumps once again into a cramped-up squat at the puddly bottom of the barrel, feeling empty and bloated at the same time. She'd chew on the ticket stub she's still clinging to if it weren't all soggy with sea brine.

Days pass; weeks maybe, she loses count. She gets lonely, exhilarated, depressed, raving mad, horny. Then one day, on the distant horizon, she sees smoke. Right away, of course, she thinks of somebody roasting hot dogs or marshmallows, and starts paddling frantically toward it with her bare hands. This is not very effective. She makes a sail out of her skirt and holds it up between her arms, which works better. The smoke, she sees, is coming out of the top of a mountain. It's all a lot farther away than she'd thought. The sharks come back and she has to beat them off with her shoe, temporarily losing the use of her masts, as they might be called but still, slowly, progress is made.

As she bobs, at last, toward the shore, she sees that a welcoming party — a bunch of natives with long spears and flowery necklaces — has come out to meet her. Her skirt has shrunk so much she can't get it on past her knees, but her knickers have little purple and green hearts on them (ever a wishful thinker) and might easily be mistaken for a swimsuit, especially by foreigners who aren't wearing all that much themselves. She's not sure what you say to natives on occasions like this, but finally decides the best thing is just to wave and say hi. This doesn't work as well as she might have hoped. They grab her, tie her hands and feet to long poles, and start lugging her on their shoulders up the mountainside. "Volcano god much hungry," one of them explains, stroking his belly, and it's true she can hear its insides rumbling even worse than her own. "But, hey, I haven't eaten for weeks, shouldn't you at least fatten me up first?" she shouts back hopefully as he walks on ahead, but he doesn't hear her, or pretends not to.

At the lip of the volcano, just as they're about to heave her in — she can already feel the heat on her arse, smell the sulphur coiling round, it's a desperate situation, but what can she do? She's never been good at languages — an argument breaks out. There's some little fellow there, who looks a lot like the driver of the gangsters' car but now with burnt cork smeared on his face, leaping about hysterically and screaming something about "Medicine Man!" This sets off a lot of squawking and hallooing and spear-rattling, but at least they untie her and send her off down the mountainside with kicks and spear-swats, snatching up her rescuer and tossing him in instead. She can hear his fading yell for what seems like hours as she runs away down the trail they've launched her on.

The trail leads to a small hut in a clearing, where a man stands waiting for her. It's the same guy she saw in the theatre foyer, except his chest is bare and bronzed now and his shorts are so thin you can almost see through them. "The plan worked!" he exclaims, taking her in his arms. "You're here with me at last!" Listen, there were probably easier ways, she might have said if she weren't so out of breath, but by now he is peeling back her blouse shreds and gazing pop-eyed at her best act, so what the heck. Don't step on them, as her friend would say.

He fills his hands with them, rolling them round and round, pinching the nipples between his fingers, having all kinds of fun, then leans down to give them a little lick with his tongue, which might be a lot more exciting if it didn't remind her how ravenous she is. That shoulder under her nose is about the most delicious thing she's seen since the invention of Vegemite sandwiches.

He gapes his mouth and is just about to take one of them in whole, when everything gets shaken by a tremendous explosion and suddenly a bunch of trees that was there isn't there anymore. He looks up anxiously, holding her close, and then another one whistles and hits, knocking them off their feet. "*Invasion!*" he cries and grabs her hand, dragging her, both of them scrambling on all fours, toward the jungle cover.

His hut gets hit next and it sends plumes of flame soaring miles into the sky, debris bombing out everywhere. They've got away from it in the nick of time! What was he doing, running a dynamite factory in there? "My precious experiments!" he explains, gasping, as he pulls her, his pained face scratched and soot-streaked, on into the jungle. He leads her along a treacherous path through snarling panthers, shrieking birds, swamps full of crocodiles and mosquitoes, until they reach a row of bunkers down near the beach, where a handful of exhausted soldiers are holding out against wave after wave of enemy invaders. He dumps a couple of bodies aside, grabs up their rifles, hands her one, and throws himself down into the bunker just as a dozen bullets ricochet off the lip of it. He pops up, guns down four or five invaders, ducks down again, the bullets pinging and whizzing around his ears, boy, he's something amazing. I'm in love! she thinks, unable to deny it any longer. I'm on fire, I'm hot to trot! "*Get down!*" he yells at her. Oh yeah, right. Cripes! She's almost too excited to think straight!

She knuckles down beside him and he shows her how to use the rifle. He's such a cutie-pie, she wishes he'd take another lap at what her friend calls her honey-dewzies, dangling ripely in front of him — or at anything else for that matter, she's open to suggestions — but, no, he's too busy jumping up and shooting at these other galahs, it's like some kind of obsession with him. Well, she'll try anything once, in spite of all the trouble that dubious principle has got her in the past, she must be a slow learner. She picks out a gangly bloke just splashing in at the shoreline, shooting dopily in all directions, gets him in her sights and jerks the trigger. Wow, it nearly takes her arm right off at the shoulder! But it's fun watching him go down: he kind of spread-eagles and goes up in the air about 15cm, falling flat on his back in the wave rolling in. She braces herself and takes another shot: it doesn't hurt as much as before, and this time the enemy soldier does a kind of pirouette, spinning on one foot and bouncing a little before flopping to the beach. She pops one in the face, propelling him into a backwards somersault, hits another one in the knees and then in his cowlick when his hat comes off as he crumples toward her, gets this one in the belly button (misery loves company, she thinks, suffering an evil burbling and gargling behind her own) and that one in the ear, spins them around and doubles them over with shots in their ribs and finishes them off with bullets up their backsides, lines them up in her sights and blasts them two, three at a time, aims down their own barrels so their guns blow up in their faces. This is great! She never knew guys had so much fun!

But it's too good to last, as she might have known. She feels a tugging on the seat of her knickers and looks down: it's the sport she came with, lying wounded at her feet, a bloody bandage around his head, hands still

clenched around his smoking rifle, the knuckles raw, his eyes red with pain and fever. He seems to be trying to whisper something. She leans close. She can hear the enemy whooping and squealing as they scramble impetuously up the hill toward them like little kids on an Easter egg hunt. "There aren't many of us left!" he gasps. "You've got to go for help!" She starts to protest — where's the kick in that? — but he cuts her off with a sad, endearing smile: "We're depending on you, sweetheart!" he wheezes, giving her a weak slap on her backside like one pal to another, so what can she do?

She hurries back through the jungle, knocking off crocs and tigers as she goes, having pretty much got the hang of this shooting thing, but somehow, maybe because she can't get her lover off her mind (she thinks of him now as her lover, such intimacies as they've shared being no big deal for some people maybe, naming no names, but all histories, like they say, are relative), she takes a wrong turn and ends up in the desert. She tries to circle back round to the jungle, which she can still see on the horizon, but after ploughing up and down a couple of dunes in her bare feet, she can't see it anymore, just vast stretches of endless sand. She tries to trace her footprints backwards, but after five or six steps, they disappear.

She thinks maybe it's about time to sit down and have a good cry, but while she's still only thinking about it, some guys in turbans, pyjamas, and silky boots with curled toes come galloping along and snatch her up. "Hey, fellas, you wouldn't happen to have a Sao biscuit or something?" she askes hopefully, but they only heave her over the back end of the horse and go thundering off to some sheik's palace in an oasis.

So, okay, she's had a few surprises since the night she stepped into that movie foyer back in her old home town all those years ago, but the biggest one is yet to come. This sheik is the very same bloke who was standing under the poster and who she just left battling impossible odds back in that bunker, only now here he is with what is obviously a very phony moustache pasted on his lip, and she's made to understand that she's his new favorite and is to be his bride. Tonight. Of course, there are a lot of brides, the palace is full of veiled ladies sneaking about, there's a couple of dozen of them here in his bedroom alone, but she considers herself a gregarious person and doesn't mind company. She winks at the sheik to let him know she's in on whatever he's got in mind, but he only scowls darkly and bellows something about "stinking pig" and "prepare her for bridal sacrament". Okay, let him play it his way.

She's handed over to some eunuchs and serving-girls who lead her down to a kind of shallow swimming pool full of naked ladies and peel her rags off her. She pats her belly and points into her open mouth with her bunched fingers, but they don't get it. Oh well, it's a wedding, isn't it, probably there's going to be a banquet, she tells herself, ever the cheery optimist. She's just got her toe in the water, testing how hot it is, when up comes that driver of the gangsters' car again. The last couple of times she's seen him, he was crashing down a cliff in an exploding car and getting thrown into the maw of a smoking volcano, yet here he is again, disguised this time as a eunuch, and insisting to everybody that before her bath she has to be taken down to what he calls the "virginorium" for a health check.

Before she or anyone else can protest, he is hauling her at full pelt down a mirrored hall, her bare feet slapping boisterously on the marble floor, the rest of her all aquiver and goosebumpy and no doubt rosy-pink under all the grime. Her birthday suit, unfortunately, even as starved as she is, could still use a few tucks here and there, a fact that has probably not escaped all the people who are turning to stare at her

Her birthday suit, even as starved as she is, could still use a few tucks here and there, a fact which has not escaped the people who turn to stare.

galumphing by. He pushes her ahead of him suddenly into a dark corridor, presses his back to the wall, glances back. "It's clear!" he hisses. "There's a plane waiting out behind the camel barns. We've got to move fast!"

"Wait a minute," she pants, "I know this guy, it's all right." "No, you don't! It's not who you think it is! This is his evil twin brother! Didn't you notice the telltale scar, the missing birthmark? Through forged papers he has stolen his brother's rightful inheritance! He'll stop at nothing! That's why you're involved!" "What?" It's getting pretty complicated. "Look, I'm not particular, they're both pretty cute." He seizes her wrist. "Let me show you something."

He drags her down more corridors, more stairs, more narrow passages. "Talk about stopping at nothing," she grumbles. They're now deep in the labyrinth of the palace. He puts his fingers to his lips, sidles cautiously toward a locked door. "This is the room of the favorites," he whispers. "First they dance for the sheik, they become his bride, and then they come here." He picks the lock with a piece of wire concealed mysteriously on his person. Inside: a whole roomful of severed heads! She screams. It's a kind of reflex. "I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me," she whispers. They can hear footsteps approaching. He strokes the wall like a blind man trying to guess what it is. Suddenly, just as the footsteps come clattering down the stairs into the corridor, a piece of the wall slides open and they slip behind it, pressing the wall quickly together again like completing a puzzle.

The secret passage leads back to the harem pool. "Grab your clothes and let's get out of here!" he rasps. It's hardly worth it, all that's left are her raggedy blouse and bikini pants and it's a hot climate anyway, but she does as she is told, having always been an easygoing sort. While she's pulling them on, the other eunuchs and serving-girls crowd around, trying to herd her back into the pool again, but her friend makes a slicing gesture at his throat and grabs her by the hair. They all understand this and back away. He drags her away by the hair, which she thinks is pushing the realism a bit too far, but before she can complain, they run into some of the apes who kidnapped her in the first place. The head-chopping act doesn't work with these guys. "You! Dance!" one of them grunts, pushing her brusquely toward the sheik's bedroom. She trips and falls. If she can't even walk, how do these mugs think she can dance? Her eunuch mate helps her to her feet, whispering furtively in her ear: "All right, this is it, kid." "But I'm a rotten dancer!" she whimpers. "All I can do is polka!" "All you gotta do is be yourself — believe me, you can do it! Now get in there and show 'em your stuff! I'll be waiting at the plane!"

She gets shoved into the sheik's bedroom where there's a big crowd gathered for her show, and the sheik asks her in his clumsy, unpleasant accent, which she still suspects must be some kind of put-on, why she hasn't got out of her dirty old rags ("feelty olt wrecks", he calls them) and, thinking fast, she tells him that what she'd planned to do as her first number is the "Dance of the Filthy Pig". He looks sceptical and she tells him it's very popular right now where she comes from and just to sit back and have a good time. She's never danced alone in public before, but once she's thought up the title, the rest comes easy. Anyone can do a dancing pig, especially if they've had a little cheerleading practice. She throws in a bit of dancing duck and dancing cow, which has the sheik boggling his eyes and twisting the ends of his moustache, and she might have gone on and done the whole barnyard (already — she can't help herself — she's thinking career) if they hadn't interrupted her with a loud gong and presented her with a covered platter: a banquet, after all! Her stomach gurgles shamelessly in anticipation.

What she finds when she lifts the lid, however, is the severed head of her eunuch friend, now wearing his old cloth driving cap, something metal between his pale blue lips. A key! She's crying on the inside, or maybe even throwing up, but on the outside she laughs crazily and snatches up the cloth cap with one hand, subtly copping the key with the other: bless his heart, his jaws are clamped around the key and she has to push on his face to get it out, sending the head rolling around on the marble floor, but this only adds authenticity to her second rendition, which she has just announced as *Follow The Bouncing Head.* She tugs the cap down tight over her eyebrows and starts dancing wildly around the room, kicking the head ahead of her and chasing after and, before they can recover from their amusement, boots it out the door and down the hall.

By the time she's found a way out of this madhouse, she can hear them clattering and shouting right behind her. This is going to be close! She sends her friend back down the corridor on one last mission, hoping to bowl a few of them over, and races out into the moonlight. She has no idea where the camel barns might be, but she just follows her nose and finds them pretty soon and, sure enough, out back she finds an old museum-piece aeroplane. As she jumps up into the cockpit and tries to figure out where to put the key in (she can just hear her girlfriend saying, "Love, put it anywhere it feels good!"), she can hear the barns filling up behind her with rabid scimitar-swinging soreheads, and she realises, as though it's just dawning on her, that she hasn't got the dimmest notion how to fly one of these clunkers. Those head-hunting goons are already clambering up on the wing with blood in their eyes, though, so what choice has she got?

When she finally does locate the slot, everything happens violently at once: she's suddenly gunning madly down the field at full throttle, bouncing and careening, shedding startled assassins, probably there's a clutch or something she should have used, but too late now, all that's ancient history, right now she's got only one problem and that's how to get this contraption up in the air before she hits something — like those camel barns, for example, coming straight at her. She seems to have got spun around, and all those guys in the pyjamas who were chasing her have stopped in their tracks, gaped a moment in wild-eyed shock, and are now racing each other for the barns once more.

She pulls, punches, twists, kicks, flicks, slaps, and screams at every whatnot on the panel in front of her, but nothing works, so she finally just closes her eyes, hugs the steering gidget between her legs, and shrinks back from the impending blow. Which doesn't come. She opens her eyes to find the old rattletrap miraculously clunking straight up into the moonlit sky, the palace and then the oasis disappearing into the darkness beneath her. Startled, she pushes the control stick away and — woops! — she's diving straight back to where she came from! All right, she's not completely stupid, a little pushing and pulling on that gadget, and pretty soon the rollercoaster flattens out to something more like a horse race with hurdles.

Not bad for a jelly-bean, as her friend would say, in fact she'd be pretty proud of flying this contraption, first time like this, and by the seat of her pants as it were, if, one, that seat weren't so wet (listen, it was pretty *scary* back there for awhile — who knows if all those terrorised movie heroines do any better, they don't show you *everything*) and, two, there were some way of parking it and getting out without having to go all the way back down to the ground again. She pokes around for instructions, or even a bag of peanuts to calm her nerves, and comes on a sort of clock-face on the panel in front of her with the minute hand pointing to EMPTY. Oh boy, that's all she needed. Even now, the motor's making a funny choking noise like it's got something stuck in its windpipe, and what the little lights way down below seem to be telling her is "Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight."

She fumbles in her seat, under it, behind it, finds a pack of cards, a cigar butt, some rubber bands, a used bar of soap coated with dustballs, an empty gin bottle, a plastic ring with a secret code inside, and finally what she's looking for, a parachute. The old crate is wheezing and snorting like a sick donkey by now and has already started to take a noser, so she harnesses herself in the chute, flicks the cockpit open, and launches herself out into the starry night, amazed at her own aplomb at such an altitude since even sitting

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upstairs at the movies makes her dizzy.

She's not sure where she's going to land or who's going to be waiting for her or what kind of impression she's going to make, dropping in on them in a cloth cap, moist undies, and a few streamers of bleached-out blouse, but she's hoping the element of surprise will give her the lead time she needs to vanish before they figure out what they've seen. She does wish she had her lost lashes back, though, or at least some deodorant, not to mention the common comb. As though triggered by that thought, the cap flies off and she glances up through her streaming tangle of hair to watch it vanish into the night sky, thinking as she gazes up into the starry dome: wait a minute, something's wrong — *where's the parachute?!* Don't these things open by *themselves?*

Then she remembers something from all those old war movies about a ring. It's like a window-shade or a wedding, you have to put your finger in a ring, then pull. She scrabbles around for it but she can't find it. She can't find *anything* with this dumb thing strapped on her back, she's getting a crick in her neck from trying, so she peels it off and searches it. Nothing. It's like a pillow. Should she just hold it under her and hope for the best? She's dropping so fast! Then she discovers a placket and buttons like a man's fly. She fumbles with the buttons, regretting tearfully, not for the first time in her life, her lack of practice. What she finds inside is a kind of nozzle with a nipple on the end. What? Is she supposed to blow this thing up? This is crazy! She jerks irritably on the nipple, there's a windy hissing sound, and — *pop!* — she finds herself suddenly afloat under a gigantic gas balloon.

Wow! Here she comes, hanging on desperately by one hand and whooshing down over the lit-up high street, causing cars to screech and crash, dogs to yap hysterically, pedestrians to stumble all over one another in gap-mouthed amazement. She's still too shaken to revel in all this attention, her heart's hammering away in her chest like the drum of a restless native and her nose is either running or bleeding, all she really wants right now is to go sit down somewhere for a few years, even her appetite seems to have failed her. And it's not over yet! She doesn't know how long she can hang on to the nozzle, and the balloon, sweeping down the street toward the theatre now, seems if anything to be rising again.

Just when all seems lost, her hand sweaty and slipping its grip, the balloon itself caught in a sudden updraft of hot air from the movie foyer which might take her off who knows where, she spies the awning out over the hardware store next door and lets go, dropping on to the awning as though on to a haystack and sliding down it into a pile of rubbish on the footpath — not the prettiest of landings maybe, and a canvas burn or two to remember it by, but she's an all-in-one piece, as her girlfriend would say, she still has her ticket stub, and in the theatre the intermission buzzer is just this moment sounding its final warning.

Luckily, the usher is looking the other way as she goes streaking past, the doors swinging closed behind her, the auditorium already dark, some children's cartoon starting up on the screen: loud screeching and banging noises, tinkling music, one animal stomping another one, the usual thing, and distracting enough, she's pretty sure, that no one notices how she's dressed, or rather not. Her friend has crawled into the row behind and is curled up with the cowboy, her hand in his lap, and just as well because she's too pooped out to put up with any wisecracks just now — her friend can sometimes be a pain, especially when she's trying to ring some bloke's bell.

She scrunches down in her seat, feeling a strange chill and wishing she'd brought along a jumper or something, not to mention some spare jeans and an extra pair of shoes. Her teeth start to chatter and her flesh goes all shivery, but it can't be that cold in here, probably it's just nerves (she's never sat this *close* to one of these seats before, so to speak), so she tries to focus on the cartoon to calm herself down. But there's something odd. One of the animals has been twisted into a kind of coiled spring and is boing-boinging around in a way that usually has people hooting and yipping and rolling around in the aisles — but no one's laughing. No one's making *any* kind of sound whatsoever. She twists around uneasily and peeks over the back of her seat: the auditorium, lit only by the light from the projector, is full of people, all right, but they're all sitting stiffly in their seats with weird flattened-out faces, their dilated eyes locked on to the screen like they're hypnotised or dead or something. Uh oh. She reaches back and taps her friend to ask her what she thinks is going on, and her friend, jostled, slides lifelessly off the guy's lap on to the floor between the seats. There's a soft bump, clearly audible under the tinny whistle and crash up on the screen, the burlesque rattle up there as of things tumbling down a thousand stairs. The guy's not looking too great either, just sprawled out there with his cowboy hat down over his nose, his slobbery mouth hanging open, his belt buckle undone, his hand cupped rigidly around a skinny behind that isn't there anymore. She's about to let out a yell, when she feels this icy claw-like grip on her shoulder, and she can't even squeak. The claw twists her around in her seat until she's facing the screen again and holds her there, peering up in the creepy silence at all that hollow tomfoolery and wondering how she's going to get out of *this* one. If *how* is the word. It's like some kind of spell, and there's probably a way to break it, but right now she can't think of it, she almost can't think at all, it's like that hoodoo behind her has stuck one of those bony fingers deep in her ear and pushed the OFF button. So what can she do, she stares up at the screen and pretends to watch the mayhem, wishing only that she'd at least picked up that soft drink on the way in, or better yet, a carton of popcorn and a hot dog, it might be a long night. Like her friend would say, if she were still alive: "Sometimes, sweetie, you just have to kneel down, spread your cheeks, and let nature take its course." Anyway, as far she can tell, the claw only wants her to watch the movie, and hey, she's been watching movies all her life, so why stop now, right? Besides, isn't there always a happy ending? Has to be. It comes with the price of the ticket. . .

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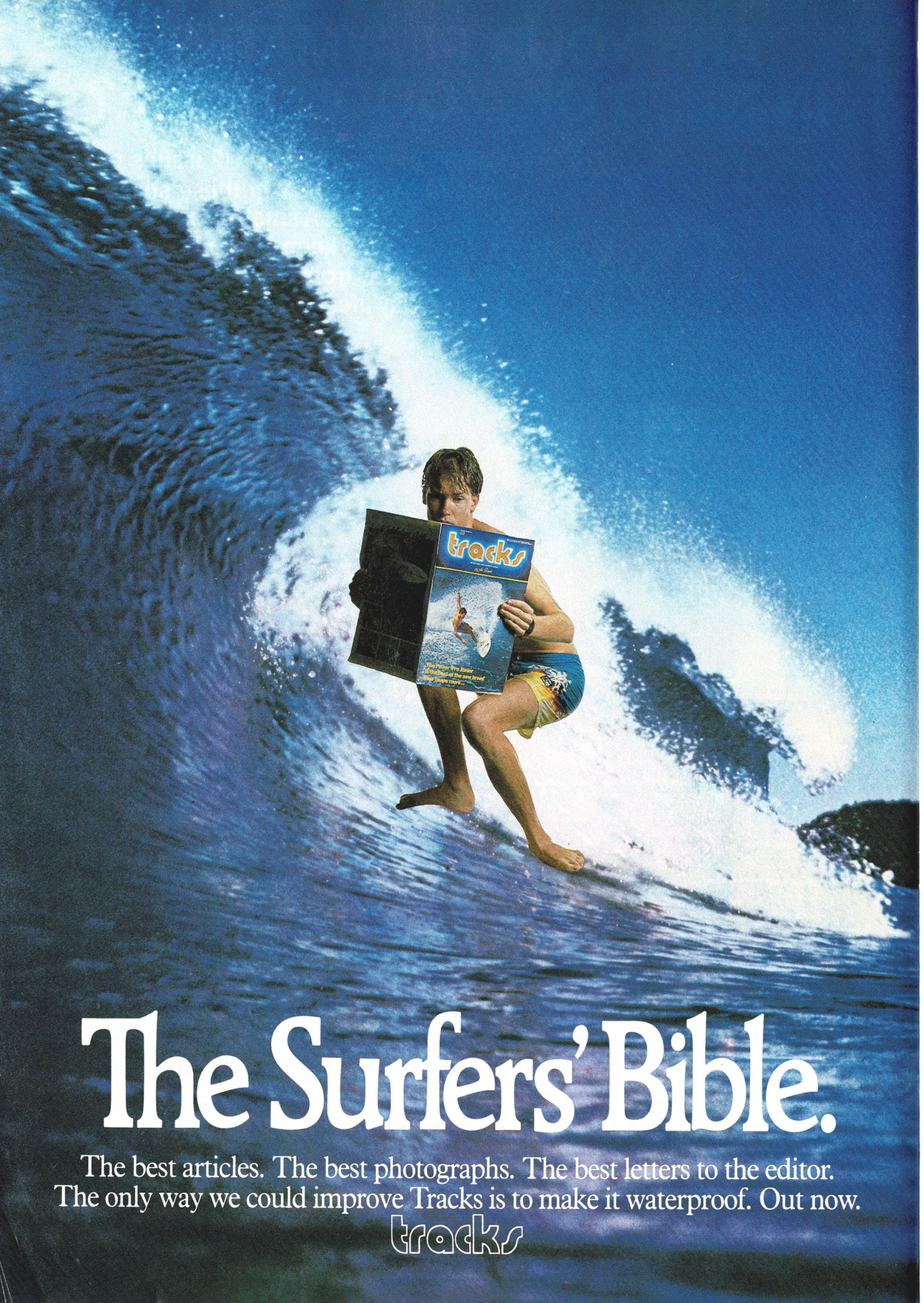
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SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

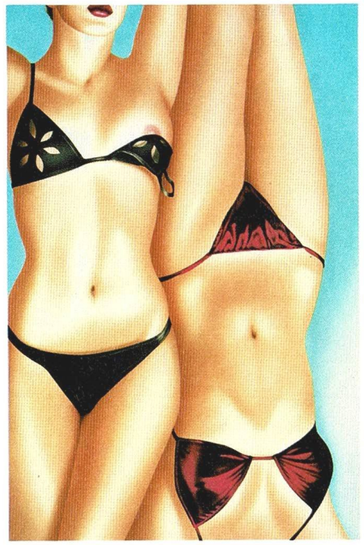
My problem is I don't like sex, probably due to the fact that I can't reach an orgasm. I am 25 years old, married to a wonderful, understanding man and I have two children, a girl aged four and a boy aged one. I have been with my husband for seven years and in that time I think I've reached a climax about seven or eight times. Also my husband reaches a climax very quickly, which I don't think helps. Unless I'm totally relaxed or drunk I don't really want to have sex. I make all sorts of excuses and then I have a mental fight, thinking I should want to enjoy making love to my husband instead of thinking of it as something I have to do to keep him happy. I end up feeling depressed and frustrated and wish I was dead.

My husband and I don't have a communication problem. We can talk for hours about sex or anything else. We've bought love and sex books and tried different ways, times and locations. It works for a while and then everything slips back to my not wanting to do it.

— D.C., WA.

When you say you have only reached orgasm seven or eight times, I wonder if you are referring purely to orgasm in intercourse. As you may be aware, many women who do have difficulty climaxing in intercourse are able to respond if they receive direct clitoral stimulation, either during masturbation or through other methods of lovemaking. You do not mention whether you are able to bring yourself to orgasm. If you have never done this I certainly would recommend you learn to do so because once you are confident about your ability to bring yourself to orgasm, it is much more likely that you will be able to teach your husband to stimulate you in the same way. You mention trying different ways — I suspect you may be referring to different positions for intercourse. This type of experimentation is unlikely to greatly increase your chances of climaxing. If you have never done so, I suggest you concentrate first on teaching your husband to bring you to orgasm by directly stimulating the clitoris, either using his fingers (*show* him exactly how you like to be touched, he can't know what to do unless you are willing to instruct him — and that means you first need to know yourself exactly what your body needs). Alternatively, if you are comfortable doing so, I suggest you experiment with oral sex. Many women who have difficulty climaxing find the soft stimulation of the tongue and lips is just what they need to reach orgasm. Have you ever tried a vibrator? I would recommend a strong electric body massager, firstly for use by yourself and then with your husband. The extra stimulation provided by a vibrator may make it easier for you to climax and if you have never used one before, I am sure you will find the experience quite exciting (they are available from major department stores).

I am assuming you are right in thinking that your lack of interest in sex is due to the difficulty you are having with orgasm. When you are consistently left frustrated after sex, it is hardly surprising you lose your sexual drive. A vibrator may be able to guarantee you will be satisfied, and that may



mean you will develop new interest in lovemaking. There may also be other reasons for your lack of interest. Many women find it difficult to maintain a normal sex drive when they are feeling tired and stressed by the responsibility of caring for young children.

Once you have discovered some means of guaranteeing that you will not be left frustrated by sex, I would suggest you explore teaching your husband to last longer. I suggest you purchase one of the good self-help programs on ejaculation control, such as Michael Castleman's book, *Sexual Solutions*. Next, I would suggest that during lovemaking you should spend some time with your husband exploring the vagina with his fingers, using quite firm stroking movements particularly on the front wall of the vagina. Many women have erogenous zones in the vagina, such as the famous G Spot, which require quite specific pressure in order for the woman to respond. Once you have discovered which areas of your vagina are most sensitive, you can experiment in intercourse with finding the positions and movements which bring the penis into contact with these specific areas. The most important aspect of all of this is your attitude. You have a body which is capable of giving you great pleasure. You have to decide to actively seek that pleasure by working with your husband to find what you need to respond. It will take time and a determination to learn about yourself. There's a sexy woman inside you somewhere. I'm sure you can find her.

I'm a 19-year-old male, rather shy, who is yet to experience a sexual encounter. I get on very well with girls and have many close female friends, however I'm rather reluctant in furthering a relationship, ie sexually, due to a problem I have concerning my penis.

I have a 15cm, fat, sausage-shaped penis which is uncircumcised. The problem is with my foreskin. I have no trouble in rolling it over the head of my penis but no further. Am I supposed to roll it further — I really don't know!

The crux of the problem is I don't think the foreskin will stay over my penis during intercourse, ie during the time when I withdraw from the vagina on each stroke. Even during peak arousal, the foreskin will only just stay put, over the head. I shudder to think what will happen during intercourse with the pressure on the sides of my penis inside the vagina. Is a circumcision out of the question, or is there a simple remedy? Until I know this problem can be solved I don't think I can have sex, simply because the foreskin won't stay put!

— A.D., Vic.

Foreskins weren't designed to stay put! Your letter is rather confusing but I gather you have the impression that in order for you to have successful intercourse your foreskin should be covering the glans. It appears you have problems rolling the foreskin *forward* to cover the glans rather than backwards to uncover the head or glans of the penis. You seem to feel that the foreskin should extend further to totally cover the glans and then protrude over the end of the penis. There are foreskins which do that but usually when the man is erect the foreskin pulls back to expose at least some of the glans. There is great variation in the amount of loose skin in the foreskin and in the tightness with which it adheres to the penis. Some men have a very loose foreskin which easily pulls back and forth. In this

case, the skin will move during intercourse, periodically exposing the glans. Men with this type of foreskin sometimes enjoy the sensations of the glans moving in and out of the foreskin. Other males find they lose sensation if the glans is not exposed and prefer to pull the foreskin back before intercourse. In some men the foreskin is tight enough to stay back during intercourse; in some it will move during thrusting. All of those variations are totally normal and should not cause a problem. There is certainly *no* reason why the foreskin needs to be in a certain position for intercourse. The only time foreskins cause problems is when they are so tight that they *can't* move back exposing the glans. In that case, thrusting will sometimes pull the foreskin painfully back against the glans. If this is causing pain, a small surgical procedure may be required to loosen the foreskin. The other problem with a tight foreskin is that it often means you can't pull the foreskin back to clean out the smegma, the white substance which collects under the folds of skin. This frequently leads to infection and scarring of the penile tissue.

So please don't worry so much about your penis. It sounds perfectly fine to me and I'm sure when the time comes it will do a great job, both for you and the lucky lady who first encounters it. One final point: you mention withdrawing from the vagina with each stroke. That's one way of going about things but as I am sure you will discover, it is possible to make love using all sorts of approaches other than the basic in and out (and even then the penis usually doesn't actually leave the vagina, but rather moves around inside it). More creative lovers use all sorts of different types of thrusting motions, rotating movements, gentle rocking, deep penetration with very slow motion or very shallow movements near the vagina entrance. There is an amazing range of different sensations to be discovered when two lovers play and explore together.

Could you please help me regarding sources of information on sex changes, specifically male to female. I would like to know details of procedure and cost, in Australia and overseas.

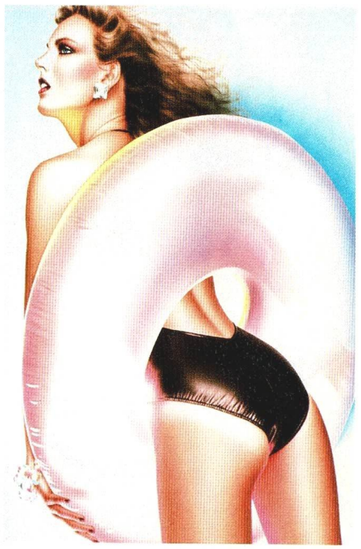
— B.S., NSW.

The situation regarding sex change operations in Australia (and overseas) is constantly changing with different centres and different surgeons being involved in the various assessment procedures. For up-to-date information on all the questions you ask I suggest you contact Tiresias House, 75 Morgan Street, Petersham, NSW 2049. Tel: (02) 569 2101. Tiresias House is a refuge and counselling service for transsexuals. Many of the people working there have had sex change operations and will be able to advise you exactly on what is involved as well as putting you in contact with the experts involved in the assessment procedures.

As I was going through a recent Sex column, the article which caught my attention was one in which a guy was commenting on male multiple orgasm. This technique is still very new to me and I would like any information you could give me. Also could you please refer me to any books which could help me learn what is involved.

— L.V., Qld.

There have been a number of books published recently which describe techniques aimed at helping males to reach multiple orgasms without ejaculation. *Any Man Can* by Dr William Hartman and Marilyn Fithian (Angus and Robertson, 1984) and *E.S.O.* (the title refers to "Extended Sexual Orgasm") by Alan P. Brauer and Donna Brauer (Warner Books, 1983) are two you may find interesting. Basically the techniques involve a man teaching himself to tune in to the sensations experienced at the moment just before orgasm and ejaculation are about to occur. Once he is very aware of these warning



signals, he practises stopping ejaculation later and later until he is able to actually experience the pleasurable sensations of orgasm *before* he controls ejaculation. It takes a lot of practice to master the technique but it appears most men can learn to do it, particularly if they have the help of a sympathetic partner. What I don't know is where people find the time for the hours of experimentation required to develop this expertise. Oh well, half their luck!

My family have brought me up to believe masturbation is not normal, and that's how I feel. I find it unrewarding and disgusting. In fact I hate it. It also interferes with my sex life and social life. I find myself withdrawing from contact with other people. I feel I can't talk to women the way I want to. It seems that every time I try, I put up this barrier between the woman and myself. I always think if they found out I masturbate they wouldn't want to know me and that's why I haven't had any good relationships. I also find I come more quickly and have a smaller penis than other guys. How do I start feeling like a man again? I am 20 years old.

— R.T., Qld.

You poor thing. Someone has done a pretty good job on you. Your parents obviously felt masturbation was an undesirable, perhaps even sinful sexual practice. Fine, that is their opinion and they had every right to convey those attitudes to you. What they haven't told you is that masturbation is perfectly normal. The vast majority of males of every age practise masturbation and it is particularly common during adolescence. It certainly does not do any harm whatsoever.

What does cause harm is guilt, ignorance and distorted ideas about sexuality which can and in your case *are* ruining your chance of a normal sexual and social life. Let me assure you that the girls you meet would assume that you masturbate. The majority of them probably also enjoy self-stimulation.

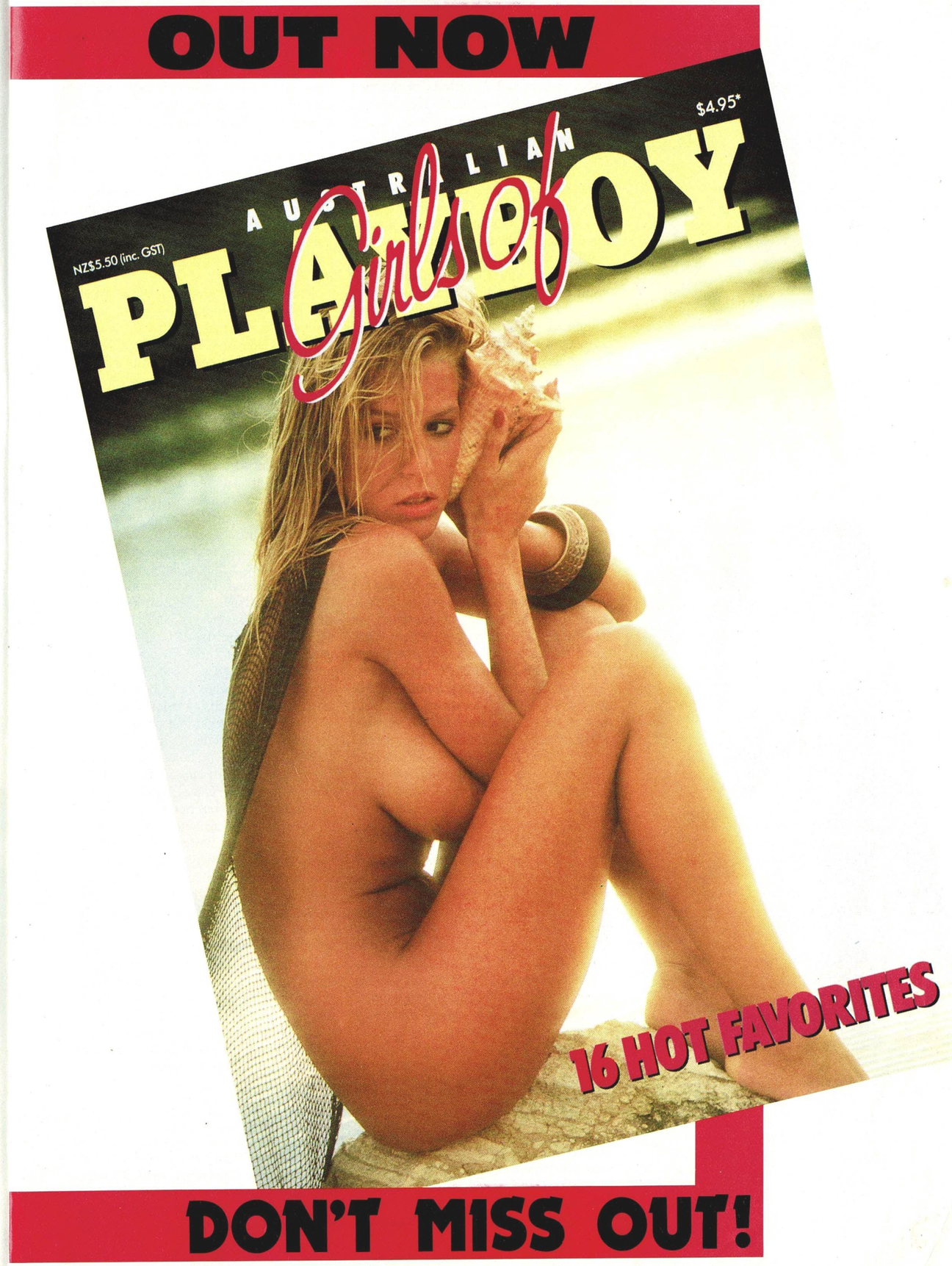
The trouble is, feeling as you do about masturbation, it is very likely you also have all sorts of uncomfortable feelings about your body and other aspects of sexuality. If you have spent years despising yourself for touching yourself, it is hardly likely that you are going to be able to feel relaxed and comfortable when making love to a woman. Unfortunately guilt and anxiety about sex are likely to haunt you for quite some time.

Your concerns about the size of your penis and about coming quickly are just part of those negative attitudes. I can't imagine how you could possibly know whether you come more quickly than other males. In fact most young men start off having some difficulty with ejaculation control, particularly if, like you, they have had a history of guilty masturbation where they tried for years to get it over with as quickly as possible. You will learn to slow down when you start to relax and tune into your body. That will only happen when you get rid of some of those negative feelings.

What you need is a relationship with a nice, open young lady who can take you in hand and teach you that bodies were made for pleasure and that it's natural for all of us to discover and enjoy our bodies as preparation for the pleasure of sharing with our lovers.

THE SEXUAL HAZARDS OF A CAREER WOMAN

Research from the Masters and Johnson Institute in St Louis reveals some fascinating differences between the sexual problems experienced by couples with career-oriented wives and those with non-working wives. Dr Constance Avery-Clark, who studied 211 couples with sexual problems who sought help at the Masters and Johnson clinic between January 1979 and March 1985, found that men with unemployed wives were more inclined to be impotent than husbands of working women.



NEXT MONTH

STEPHANIE BEACHAM: THE COLBYS' SUPER-BITCH IN A SENSATIONAL NUDE PICTORIAL.

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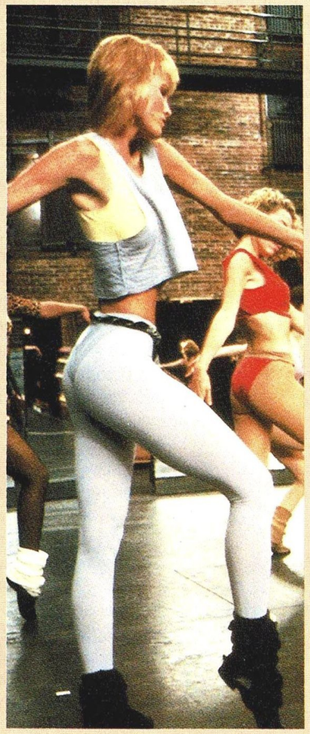


SINGULAR SENSATION: A CHORUS LINE'S **JANET JONES.**

PILLOW WARS: WE GIVE TAT FOR TIT TO ALL THOSE DEMANDING WOMEN.

Thirty-six percent of men married to unemployed women were impotent, compared to 16 percent of the husbands of "job" women and 22 percent of the men married to career women. This applied particularly to older men. Avery-Clark: "My hypothesis is that males married to housewives still feel they are responsible for a positive outcome for sexual activities. Thus, they face more performance anxiety than other husbands. Women who work may also be more assertive and able to communicate their needs better."

When Avery-Clark looked at the sexual problems plaguing the women, a different result emerged. Career women were *most* likely to suffer what she calls ISD or "inhibited sexual desire", a loss of interest in sex. Twenty-two percent of career women complained of ISD as compared to 10 percent of job women and 11 percent of housewives. (These results were for the group where neither partner was under 54.) It's not an unexpected result — that's the hazard of trying to be a superwoman. There's no time or energy left for sex at the end of a long day. Plus, as Avery-Clark points out, there's often a lot of resentment from women struggling to cope on their own with household tasks and child-rearing chores on top of a heavy work load. Angry wives rarely feel very sexy.

But when the career women actually get around to having sex, they are more likely than their housewife counterparts to actually get what they want. Avery-Clark found the career women have the lowest rate of orgasm problems: "It appears as if these women have the greatest difficulty in getting into the mood for sexual activity but once in the mood, career women have less difficulty in being orgasmic. While we need more research to study the reasons behind this pattern, my hunch is that part of the difficulty encountered by this woman is her inability to find time to unwind and to get into the mood for a sexual encounter. However, once she is in the mood, her assertiveness and sophisticated communication skills, being able to ask for what she needs, make for the statistical difference between the groups in terms of orgasmic difficulties."

GAY PRIESTS

You may have heard about a controversial new book, *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence.* The first major publication describing sexual attraction between women in religious life, it was published in many countries and discussions are currently underway regarding a TV series based on the theme of the book.

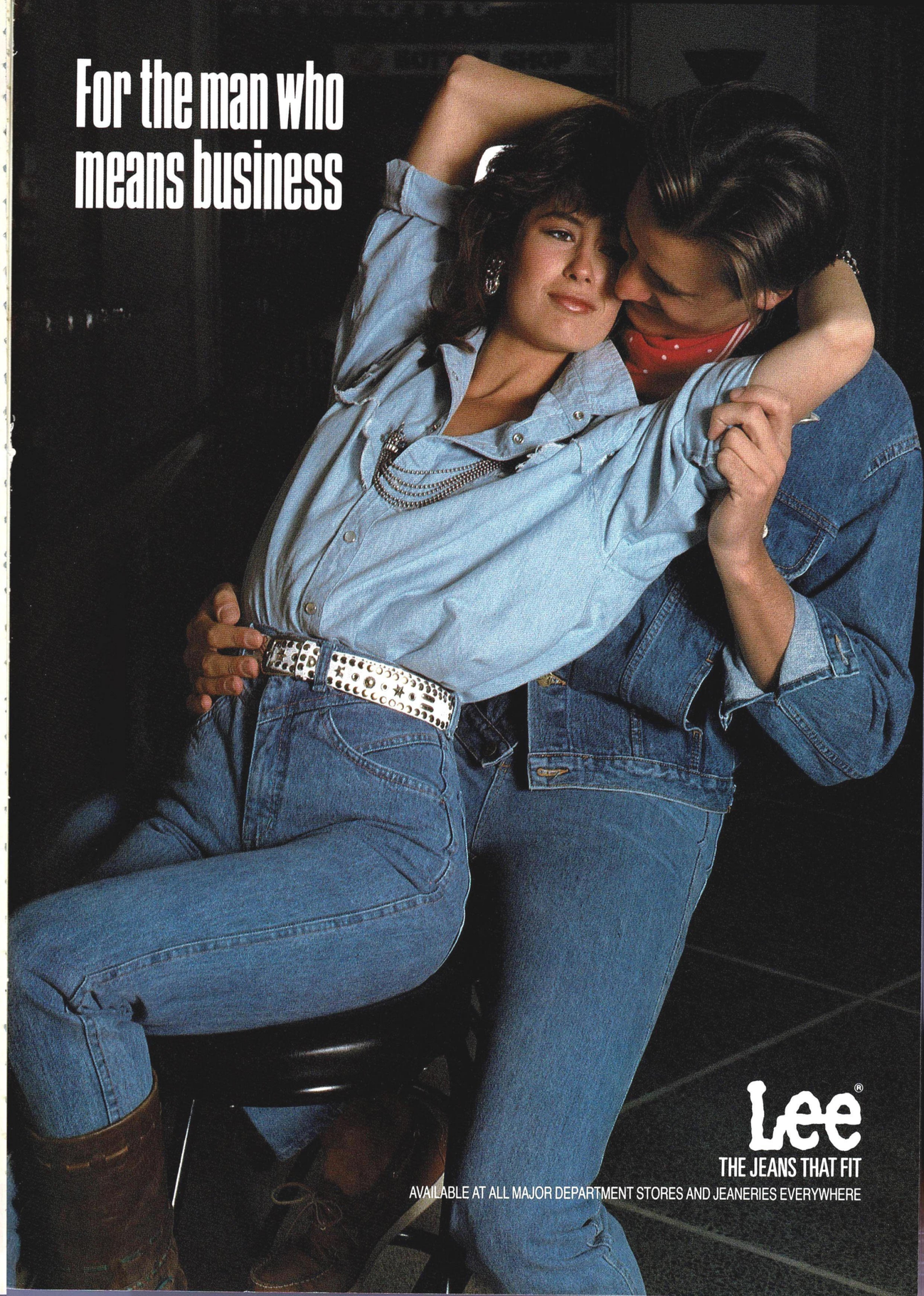
Naturally, amid all the fuss, questions have been raised about the sexual lives of *men* in religious life. One study, completed some years ago by a doctoral student at the Institute For Advanced Study Of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, sheds some light on the subject. The researcher, Richard Wagner, interviewed 50 Roman Catholic priests who describe themselves as gay, to explore their sexual attitudes and behaviors and learn how they cope with the difficulties created by their sexual orientation and sexual activity. Sixty-two percent of the gay priests Wagner interviewed knew of their sexual orientation while in the seminary. As a result, three-quarters of them seriously considered leaving and some left for a period of time. Almost three-quarters of the priests had a homosexual experience before ordination, and while in the seminary just over half had one or more sexual experiences.

When they were ordained, all the priests had made a commitment to celibacy, a promise to remain unmarried, and to chastity, a vow of purity. Wagner, who is also a gay priest, discussed chastity with the priests he interviewed and found the men differed in their interpretation of the chastity vow and how it affected their lives. Almost a quarter of the men equated celibacy with sexual abstinence but some said they opposed this concept or did not conform to it. Another 22 percent understood celibacy to mean forgoing a permanent, exclusive relationship. Twenty-six percent felt it meant committing themselves to regulate their sexuality according to Christian values, but it did not preclude sexual expression. One priest commented, "I understand my promise to be. . . free emotionally and psychologically as a witness and a minister of God's love. My understanding of these virtues does not preclude genital sex." But 14 percent, unable to resolve the question of celibacy, experienced conflict, confusion or anguish.

The questions regarding chastity aren't the only issue troubling these men. In acknowledging their homosexual orientation, they also run into conflict with the church's teachings. Wagner interviewed the priests about their reaction to the church's position on homosexuality and found 40 percent reported some degree of guilt about being gay and sexually active. Some felt very little guilt, while others struggled a great deal to reconcile the church's views on homosexuality with their own lives.

The unfortunate postscript to this research is that following the publication of his dissertation, Wagner's religious community, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, moved to dismiss him. Wagner can no longer practise publicly as a minister but does not wish to resign from religious life. Currently he is counselling AIDS patients and training hospice volunteers.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.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